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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Let's talk of
INTERESTING
PEOPLE

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Among the hundreds of letters we receive some contain one brief line of humor, drama or inspiration. For these briefer lines a payment of 5/- will be made.

Staff-Nurse A. A. Wahlheim in Palestine to her niece, Miss L. Wahlheim, Plympton, S.A.:

"WE are all so happy in the snow. Everything is covered and the trees are a picture.

"We've been tobogganing down the slopes this afternoon.

"Our orderly made a toboggan out of a box and used my clothes-line for a guider and we found a piece of tin to put on the front so it would slide easily.

"Eventually we broke it, but not before we all had a great time.

"The snow is eighteen inches deep now, and I believe at times it is 8 feet deep.

"Last night the girls had to walk home as there were no taxis or buses, and it took them an hour."

L.c. K. W. McSweeney, R.A.A.F., Bradfield Park, to his sister Marie, Meroo Rd, Bomaderry, N.S.W.:

"I DARNED a sock to-night, and as it was my first attempt I found it hard.

"I never believed such simple objects as a needle and thread would be so hard to master.

"When I finished the first attempt I decided it was not quite an outstanding example of craftsmanship, and that I would be a bit more comfortable if the gaps in the wool were filled in.

"I planned a careful and sustained attack, and got to work.

"I started with an orange inside the sock to stretch it on, but after sewing a few threads to the orange replaced it with a mug and only blunted the point of the needle.

"However, perseverance is one of my strong points, and in the end I had used so much wool that the hole couldn't help being covered."

Pte. S. Rose in Syria to his sister, Mrs. M. Woodford, 7 Frederick St., Ashfield, N.S.W.:

"DURING a snowstorm last week I found a poor little kid, about six, nearly dead in the snow, so brought him into the hut and between us clothed him and gave him a darn good feed of hot stew.

"Our C.O. gave us permission to keep him, so he has been with us ever since. He follows me around like a little dog and calls me his Papa! Now how do you like that?

"We found out he comes from Palestine and has no mother or father.

"Every night I bath him and he also comes on the meal parade with me.

"Imagine him dressed in men's shorts, shirt, jumper, socks, and boots, and then you see Homad (that's his name). Gee! he looks funny.

"Well, with Homad and the poultry we are fattening for Christmas, and my usual duties, I can tell you I'm flat out from dawn until late at night, and the boys call me Mother Rose and her farm (silly cows)."

Major E. F. Aitken to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Cartwright St., Glenroy, Vic.:

"IN the Syrian campaign I was captured. A prisoner-of-war camp was established at Idlib, near Aleppo, where I spent about three weeks.

"From Idlib we were loaded onto a huge transport plane, and at 12.30 a.m. we took off for France.

"Our plane developed engine trouble and we made a forced landing at Scarpanto.

"Scarpanto is occupied by Italian soldiers, and when the Syrian cam-

Winnie the War Winner



"It's that new photographer—he still thinks the old-fashioned way is the best."

paign ended we became Italian prisoners.

"Conditions here were revolting, fleas ravaged us every night, we drank salt water and ate macaroni.

"We embarked on a small trading steamer and arrived at Rhodes that evening.

"There we were fed properly, and our beds were clean. About ten days here and we sailed on the troopship Italia for Italy.

"We had a great time on this ship, and each morning at 6.30 and each afternoon at 4 I rang my bell for the steward and ordered tea and bread and jam. Hot showers every morning, wine at night, inexpensive cigarettes, and a position on the boat better than that accorded to the Italian officers.

"We sailed up through the islands to Athens, saw the Acropolis, saw the havoc on the wharves and shipping wrought by German bombs, and saw some pitiable sights among the Greeks.

"Corinth, Patras, Brindisi, then a night in a camp at Tutinana, a train journey up the east coast, through hundreds of miles of olive groves, lucerne, maize, grapes, the whole stretch of country being checkerboarded with pretty small fields, avenues of green trees serving for fences.

"Bari — Bologna — Piacenza — Montalbo.

"At the last-named place we were interned in an old castle, with bats, rats and noises in the night.

"News that Britain had interned General Dent and 35 officers as a safeguard against our non-return worked like a charm.

"More travel, but this time we were

happy, as it meant our release and return to Syria.

"A fast express took us through Turin, Genoa, San Remo, Ventimiglia, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice, Hyeres, Toulon, where we boarded the Colombine for Corsica, Sardinia, Messina, Crete. We are passing Crete at this very minute.

"A German plane just flew over. Thank goodness I am on a French ship.

"I am the only Australian in the party, and the French think I should be black."

Pte. Sheppard in Syria to Mrs. R. Parker, Bridge St., Wynnum Central, Qld.:

"WE have to do our own washing, or the washerwoman comes in the morning and collects and brings it back unironed in the evening.

"However, from the day I arrived here our washerwoman took a fancy to me. Might I mention she is a little fat 'Wog' woman with three tiny children.

"The first day she took my washing home she returned it nicely ironed, and it had pannies pressed in the handkerchiefs. She didn't want to take any money from me for doing my washing.

"The next week the same thing occurred, except that violets were pressed in the handkerchiefs.

"I decided to give her one more chance, and this time she had perfume all over my clothes.

"Well, you can imagine the teasing I got from the boys over this. I'm the laughing-stock of the camp.

"In future I have decided to do my own laundry."



CAPTAINS J. NEWMAN (left) and R. T. HEATHER

... Merchant Service

AS their voluntary war effort retired Sea-Captains J. Newman and R. T. Heather are conducting a Merchant Service School of Seamanship at Power House, Melbourne. The school, which is free, is open to any youth or man rejected for one of the services because of some minor disability.

Classes are held in all branches of seamanship. Successful students will be eligible for war work on ships.



MRS. H. A. LORD

... Known the East

CONVENER and president of the newly-formed Malayan Women's Association, Sydney, is Mrs. (Lieut.-Colonel) H. A. Lord, who was stationed with her husband in Malaya while the latter was head of the Salvation Army there. Object of the association is to aid former residents of Malaya who have come to Australia.

With her husband, Mrs. Lord was for 26 years in Korea before being stationed in Malaya.



WING-CDR. L. J. WACKETT

... Aircraft production

NEW job for Wing-Commander L. J. Wackett is his appointment as chief technical adviser to the Aircraft Production Co-ordinating Committee headed by Mr. Essington Lewis.

Wing-Commander Wackett, who pioneered aircraft engineering and design in Australia, has recently been engaged on special experimental work for the R.A.A.F. His advanced training plane is in mass production.

For Longest Possible Wartime Wear—

When of Clara the Army caught sight
In vain the Sarge shouted "Eyes Right!"
"Our eyes are just fine
And her Kayser's divine.
"How about leave on Saturday night?"



Be clever — choose Kayser. Follow the Kayser colours — Victory — a harmonious neutral beige; Banner, a delicate rose-beige; Loyalty, a versatile golden tan; Freedom, a useful medium tone; and Shadow, a sophisticated off-grey.

KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY

DEFINITELY I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!

The lighter side

Gunner V. Perry, Middle East, to his mother in Glenrowan, Vic.:

"At Christmas dinner one of the sergeants served the gravy as soup. We didn't know the difference until the cooks couldn't find the gravy, but it tasted O.K."

Private C. Nolan to Mrs. Alford, Tambellup, W.A.:

"Heavy rain left a pool of very muddy water behind our cookhouse. On Christmas Day we put all the officers, including the C.O. and the second in charge, through it. It was great fun, and they took it like the sportsmen they are."

Private S. Rodda to Mrs. M. Barlow, Brunswick Junction, W.A.:

"The Wogs are great on the old Victory sign. Just saw one riding a camel along with a V worked on its tail in blue silk cord."

Driver C. S. Rice, in Palestine, to his mother in King William St., Regent, Vic.:

"A Greek soldier was with us on Christmas Day. The boys couldn't remember his name, so called him George Azlegrease. He is still here, A.W.L. from his own mob, marching around with a Digger hat on."

Romantic Nurse

Short story

By

**MAURICE
WATSON**

ENCOURAGEMENT had been all that Bill Bradley had needed once. A month ago when he had first arrived at the hospital with a white turban across his forehead he had grinned and joked his way into the hearts of his nurses who had seen him installed in a comfortable private room.

The doctors examined him and the report went round that an operation was necessary. After that, a short period of convalescence would make him as good as new.

Valerie first made his acquaintance when, returning from a long week-end off duty, she found herself assigned to his case.

"What hit him?" she asked a student doctor.

"A brick wall," he told her — and explained.

The brick wall had belonged to a barn that had got in the way when Bill was obliged to make a forced and uncomfortable landing.

All the other members of the crew had escaped injury—but Bill had taken a neat dive through a window and made a one-point landing in the barn.

Valerie thanked the student for his kind information and went on to see her patient, who had not then come out of the anaesthetic.

She was still studying the Bradley profile when the young student doctor put his head round the door.

"I see you two have already met," he announced, grinning. "But in case you haven't, allow me to introduce you. Miss Valerie Kerr, meet Mr. Bradley, who is more eligible for wedding bells than any other man in the Royal Air Force. Any two men. And Mr. Bradley, meet Miss Kerr, the prettiest girl who ever went around with a chip on her shoulder and a sign round her neck saying no more men need apply. You ought to get together, you two, you'd make a great team."

Valerie forced herself, systematically, to count ten. She was used to this sort of thing. Ignoring those few sweet remarks she faced the student.

"There are some things," she told him, "that I don't like about hospitals. Sometimes I think it's the hours, sometimes I think it's the patients, and sometimes I'm sure it's the students."

The student fled.

And Valerie, feeling that she deserved consolation, went kitchenwards to get some coffee. She certainly was feeling dispirited. She was used to the light-hearted teasing of the students, but that one about men had fallen on a tender spot. She knew what the remark had implied. So did he. So did everyone. It meant Lieutenant Roy Collier, who wore khaki with the staff of a division of infantry somewhere in the south of

England, wasn't spending week-end leaves escorting Valerie to theatres and dances. She wasn't sitting by his side in his car or snatching lunches with him here and there. She wasn't to be seen with him at any place, any time, anywhere. And she wasn't wearing his ring!

Dimly, Valerie gazed across the room and saw herself as she used to be not so long ago. Now she was six months older and several centuries wiser, though still perhaps not very wise. And by her side stood Roy looking into her eyes and whispering, "Val, dear, why don't we get married?"

Yes, that was what he had said, and it was to her he had said it. So what? They hadn't got married, that was all. Instead there had been a letter. Phrases from it drifted in and out of her mind now. "Call it a kid mistake . . . people change a lot . . . I couldn't have been so important as we thought . . ."

Once there had been Roy. And now? Now there was only the memory of him, Roy's absurdly good-looking face which haunted her night and day. And she was crazy about him! Roy, why did you do it? Why?

Valerie drank her coffee and went back to her patient. She found him sitting up and taking notice. At least, not sitting up, because Valerie's strong, purposeful hands restrained him. But he was definitely taking notice.

He held out a man-sized fist and said, "Nurse, hold my hand, tight."

Valerie found herself holding his hand, tight. It occurred to her, then, that he might ask her to sing a song, or dance, or something.

But he said, next, "Where's your harp?"

"Your—my what?" she stammered.

"Your harp. This is heaven, isn't it? It can't be the other place because they don't have angels there."

Encouragement was all he needed. Valerie dropped his hand and picked up her thermometer instead. "I suppose," said the patient, "you can't help it if you were designed by nature to raise, not lower, a man's temperature."

Valerie ignored that and stuck the thermometer under his tongue. When that was over he said dreamily, "A born nurse!"

"Nurses," Valerie informed him sweetly, "are not born. They get like that when their mothers drop them on their heads."

"And what pretty ears you have," continued the patient.

Valerie was as near to losing her temper as a good nurse is supposed to get. She said, "Go to sleep."

Bill grinned. "I take it," he said, "that you are sorry they pulsed me off on to you. You shouldn't be sorry. Every girl in the hospital would be glad to be playing nurse to me."

"Count me out," said Valerie.

"All right, every other girl. But I have a tender heart. Also forgiving. Even if you keep away from me for the rest of my stay, I'll let you come back to me. I've fallen in love with you."

"You boys are all alike," said Valerie. "You love a plane and a starry sky, but you wouldn't know real love if it smacked you in the face!"

"Didn't I crash on purpose just to meet you?" said the patient saucily.

Valerie did not, needless to say, keep away from Bill, as the doctors silently noted. They liked Valerie. They liked seeing her pick up a frightened child and have it calmed before anyone else could think what to do.

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"I thought you might like to congratulate me, Roy," Valerie said calmly.

KISSES DON'T LIE

Story of an illusion that nearly wrecked romance

By

MARGARET RUNBECK

SHE had gone away to forget, but she came back only to remember, for the first thing that met her when she stepped ashore was her terrible jealousy, wearing, of course, its politer name of pain.

During all those weeks away she had amused herself with people, and until now she had forgotten Christopher. Practically.

She had never before known she could be jealous. But then that, of course, was because she had never cared before. What people said to other people simply didn't interest her. But when Christopher so much as glanced at another girl it drove her quite wild. And, being the kind of person Christopher was, he did quite a lot of glancing.

"But that is how I know it's you," he had said to Susan, that wild, rapturous, ridiculous Valentine's Day. And she had believed him!

Now she shook with anger as she remembered how much she had believed him. Enough to tear down the whole edifice of her life in a few hours, and then not know what to do with the debris.

Well, it had been put together again and a magnificent structure it was. Something very modern. That was why she had come back: to show him how clever she was at forgetting. So he would realise that, even if he had ever imagined she had been taken in by that charming little scene they had written together, she just hadn't.

As a matter of fact, she had had no business getting to know Christopher in the first place. He was a mad, untidy young man, insolently handsome. He needed so much obviously that he hadn't—that he didn't even want!

But, in spite of all his lacks, he succeeded in being a most attractive and outrageous young person. Somebody to embellish madder evenings. Somebody to talk about to other women. Somebody to be patronisingly fond of, but not, alas, somebody to depend on.

And that is just where Susan had

gone so terribly wrong. She had let him stroll out of the embellishment department into the essential. He was a perverse, absurd luxury, and she had mistaken him for a necessity. And so her emotions had been in chaos for many months.

Even Christopher knew he had no legitimate right to know Susan. That was one thing that made him reckless and audacious. He was out of his realm and he didn't care.

Annette Kent had dragged him into the light from the utter darkness. He had been sent up by his newspaper to cover Annette's coming-out dance.

"As a matter of fact, I wasn't sent," he admitted, smiling at Annette, looking down at her and holding his battered hat mockingly against his breast. "I came to get a sandwich, but when I saw you I thought I'd rather have a dance."

"I ought to have you thrown out," Annette told him.

"Well, give me the sandwich or the dance, lady, and I'll saw up some logs or something before I leave."

He looked insultingly round the Kents' ballroom glittering with mirrors and crystal chandeliers.

"So civilisation is still supporting these side-shows?" he said. "I thought they'd gone out years ago with the depression."

"No," Annette said, "they'll never go out—for the right people."

"Think so?" He cocked up one shaggy eyebrow as though he knew a private joke. "Well, keep on dreaming."

He stayed and danced, sublimely happy. You could see these weren't real people to him, so he could insult them or kiss them as you insult people in a dream. That was probably the secret of his success.

Suddenly he was very much the vogue with Annette and her friends. And that's how Susan came to know him. But Susan hadn't any patience with him.

"If you girls were ten years older, perhaps I could understand you," she said scornfully. "Though on the whole I'm not quite sure about

it, because Christopher wouldn't even be a good gigolo. He makes a cult of rudeness."

"Rudeness in public, darling, and something very different in private," Annette told her. "Christopher is a master of contrast."

"He's a deplorable sign of the times," Susan said. "Everything out of its place, and traditions all upset."

Feeling like this Susan naturally scorned Christopher. Whenever she met him she was a grand duchess' youngest daughter. And he, surprisingly enough, didn't respond with his customary bravado. He looked at her with sad spaniel's eyes, questioning and apologising for her at the same time, so that she found herself the uncouth one, the un-



"I suppose you wouldn't let him take me home, Susan," said Annette, eyeing Christopher coyly.

mannered outsider in her own world.

"Christopher has two ways of behaving," Annette said with reluctant homage. "The way he treats the world and the way he treats Susan." But Susan was afraid of it.

"It's only a finer sarcasm," she said to herself. "He's over their heads, that's all." She warned herself against him nearly every day. And still she went on thinking about him, wondering and guessing, and helplessly fascinated.



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Please turn to page 26

River of Doubt

Mark desperately struggles against the unseen enemy

THE STORY SO FAR:

UNDERTAKING to investigate the sabotaging of a manganese mine in Brazil owned by "SCOTTY" DOUGAL, his friend who has been shot, MARK CROSBY leaves by plane with IRENE AMES, Dougal's beautiful secretary, but is arrested, and only released with the help of STEFAN BRUENZLI, South American lawyer, with whom he has made friends.

Further setbacks occur before O'REILLY, Dougal's negro steam-boat captain, conducts them to the mine, where Mark meets FERNANDEZ, the Portuguese foreman, DAVE LIGGET, the book-keeper, and DOCTOR WALLACE, and finds that the mine's production is unaccountably always below schedule.

Two days later, a sudden crash arouses the whole mining camp.

Now read on:

THE brittle cracking of timbers, a shrill scream of terror, the clang of a falling ore-car, the grating swish of sliding ore, like the rubbing of giant sandpaper—a fusing into one tremendous crash! A long-drawn scream of agony! Then men were shouting and running across The Plaza.

Mark got there at the same time as Doctor Wallace.

A portion of the trestle had collapsed in a place where it was about twenty feet above the ground, plunging a loaded ore-car and the native trammer who was pushing it into one tangled heap. The great hardwood timbers had scissored across the man, clamping his leg like a gigantic bear-trap.

The man screamed, struggling vainly. A subdued moan of sympathy went up from the workmen and they jumped to pull aside the logs. Fernandez stopped them and nodded to the doctor, who was already preparing a hypodermic.

With surprising gentleness, the big Portuguese knelt beside the injured native and steadied him. The sufferer screamed a couple of times more after Wallace plunged the needle in his hip, then quieted and lay still.

Under Wallace's direction, the man was released. Fernandez had disappeared, and it was not until the victim was being carried away to the hospital that Mark saw him examining the broken uprights of the trestle. Mark walked over. The flat ends of a saw-cut were quite obvious.

"That was deliberate sabotage!" Mark grated. Fernandez nodded. "Stick around an' you'll see lots more of it," he said, and strode away.

Mark went over to the hospital. Wallace was scrubbing his hands in the dispensary.

"Is there anything I can do, Doc?"

Wallace wagged his head. "I wish I'd been fishing," he said.

"But the man would have died!"

The doctor nodded wearily. "That is what I mean. He's lost one leg and I'm going to amputate the other. A half-man, my boy, is a tragic specimen anywhere. In the jungle, it's too horrible to contemplate." He shook his head again and went into the operating room.

Mark walked slowly back to the office. All the airiness with which he awakened was gone, and his feet were flat on the hard ground of realization. The spell of last evening had drugged him; it had made everything seem peaceful and decent; success seemed close. Now it



"This is our watchman!" Fernandez announced grimly, bending over the prostrate figure.

was all gone. Back in his office, he sent for Irene. "Look here," he said without preamble, "when I asked why we couldn't put more men to work, I was told there was neither room nor tools enough for them to work, but that obtaining the men would be simple."

"That's the truth, Mark." He stared moodily out the window at the hill. "Then without all this sabotage and grief, the best we could hope for would be a hundred tons a day working one shift."

She nodded miserably. "I'm afraid so."

He was silent a long time. "Is there any logical reason why we can't work three shifts a day, instead of one?"

She gave a frightened little gasp. He turned impatiently. "Well, is there?" he demanded.

"Fernandez wouldn't stand for it," she said nervously. "It's never been done here, Mark. You must understand what custom and tradition mean to these . . ."

"I don't give a hang about custom. Is it practical?" he broke in.

She made a gesture of futility with her hands. "Oh, I suppose it could be done under different circumstances. They run modern mines that way back home. But there are

a thousand reasons why the men won't do it. And Fernandez . . ."

"Fernandez will do what he's told," Mark said grimly, and crossed to the door. In the outer office, Ligget was going over the books with his time-keeper.

"Send for Fernandez," Mark ordered. "I want him at once."

Irene was pale. "Mark, if you quarrel with Fernandez he'll either quit and take the men with him, or . . ."

"Or what?"

She took a deep breath. "Or break your neck!"

Doctor Wallace came in heavily and slumped in a chair. He looked old and worn and his hands were shaking. "That poor devil died!" he said. "I said I'd be glad, but I'm not. This is a terrible situation, Crosby! When's it going to stop?"

Mark threw up his hands. "Heaven know!"

Fernandez stomped into the office

and glared at Mark. "You got something on your mind?" he demanded.

Mark spoke deliberately, trying to keep his voice down. "I have. Starting to-morrow, we work three shifts of eight hours each."

Fernandez walked over and leaned his knuckles on the desk. "As long as I'm runnin' these men," he said slowly, "we work ten hours straight. That's all."

"Why?" Mark asked.

"That's all I can take care of!" Mark shook his head. "That's not enough. I'll split the time with you."

"You!" Fernandez sneered. Then abruptly he swung around and barged out of the room.

Mark started around the desk. Irene caught at his arm. "Mark!" she cried. "Don't!"

He shook her hand off and strode after the foreman. Wallace hurried behind him.

"I hope you know what you're doing, boy!"

Mark said: "I know what I've got to do."

Fernandez was almost to the trestle when Mark halted him.

"Hey, Fernandez!" he sang out. "Stand where you are!"

The big Portuguese stopped. There were a lot of muckers standing around, and they paused, conscious that trouble was in the wind. Mark walked up.

"Fernandez," he said clearly, "so that every man within a hundred foot radius could hear him, 'you walked out on me when I tried to talk to you about saving this property. You're not only a bully, but you're a yellow-gutted quitter.'"

The big Portuguese never batted an eye, and for an uncertain moment Mark wondered if he understood the denunciation. From the startled gasp that went up from the bystanders, it was obvious everyone within earshot had.

Then a cruel little smile flickered on the foreman's lips. He peeled off his shirt, and as an afterthought extracted a knife from the top of his boot and flipped it over the crowd. It stuck quivering in the trestle.

Mark stepped back so he wouldn't be caught unawares and jerked off his own shirt. He handed it, with his gun and glasses, over to Wallace.

"For heaven's sake, watch him, lad!" whispered the doctor. "He

knows every dirty trick in the game!"

Mark nodded. He saw Irene make a move towards him, and Ligget pull her back. When he turned to Fernandez, the man didn't look half so formidable.

Fights were common, and from long practice the miners automatically formed a series of circles around the principals. The lucky ring-leaders sat on the ground. The chatter of drills suddenly went still; a moment later the compressor was shut off. No ore-cars moved on the trestle.

Mark's hope that Fernandez would lose his temper and charge in recklessly was soon blasted. The Portuguese circled cautiously trying to get his back to the blazing sun. Mark had no illusions. He knew what kind of treatment to expect, for there would be no quarter unless he made a grovelling surrender.

Mark was watching the foreman's

hands, so when the latter suddenly dived like a butting ram, the attack nearly swept Mark off his feet. He straight-armed Fernandez aside with the heel of his palm, and side-stepped. Pivoting, he alighted in three good body blows before he was forced to back away. The crowd roared with joy.

Fernandez wore a little smile of contempt when he squared away again. Mark tried to edge around to keep the sun out of his face. Fernandez rushed straight up, both arms swinging.

Mark jumped in close and stood on his toes, driving straight, hard blows to the bronze mid-section in front of him. He heard the Portuguese grunt and knew his punches were telling. Then Fernandez suddenly butted him in the face with his head and Mark leapt back, blinded with pain.

Please turn to page 28

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR

Put an end to your hair worries to-day, with the technique of a Hollywood beauty specialist . . . damp-set your hair with VELMOL.

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In four minutes your wave revives, hair gleams with new fashionable sheen. Ask chemist, store or hairdresser for VELMOL.



"Heart's Desire" Style by Norman Flahm Sydney

GRANNY

Story of a dreamer
who turned hero

By
ISOBEL ANN SHEAD

THEY called him Granny, the boys of the Royal Engineers, who were stationed in our Sussex village. They used to stream into the 18th century cottage tea-room at all hours for meals, a jolly, interesting lot.

I always sat alone and I liked listening to their conversation. Sometimes it was serious, highly technical; sometimes sheer nonsense, more often merely army gossip.

Hearing them discuss each other I got into the way of wondering what their comrades were like—the ones I hadn't seen so far.

I wondered about one in particular, whom they referred to as Granny.

I had a definite feeling of pity for Granny. Somehow, from the little bits I'd heard, it seemed as if he didn't deserve quite as rough a spin as the others gave him. Maybe he was a prig. Maybe a poor-spirited creature. Maybe he was just different, which is in itself crime enough. Being different generally makes a man the victim of petty persecution.

Whatever the cause, Granny was a bit of a joke among the R.E.'s.

"Poor old Granny," I heard them say one afternoon. "Did you see his face this morning on parade when the S.M. asked for musical volunteers?"

"No. What happened?"

"The S.M. comes hollering round and says, 'Any of you know how to play the piano?' Nobody moves but poor old Granny. He leaps forward, sort of dewy look on his face, and the S.M. says, 'Right. Move those two pianos from the canteen to Garrison Theatre before dinner!'"

There was a roar of laughter.

"Granny would fall for that."

"He's got no sense of humor."

"Oh, I don't know," said a lad I'd always liked the look of—a lad named Chandler. "You're a bit hard on him. He took it all right." "Couldn't jolly well do anything else."

I felt more sorry than ever for Granny. Nobody seemed to like him or to want him. He never came in with the others. I began to want to see him for myself.

THEN one evening he came in. For once the room was silent and empty. Most of the boys were out on manoeuvres. Only a handful had been left on camp fatigue, a boring job. Everyone hated being left on camp fatigue. This time one of them was Granny.

I knew it was Granny without any introduction. The nickname fitted him with cruel perfection. He was tall and thin, and he had to stoop to avoid the low oak beams that spanned the ceiling. Thin-featured, melancholy brown eyes that looked uncertainly through cheap, round, steel-rimmed army spectacles.

He looked about thirty-five, and if ever I saw a fish out of water, it was this man trying to be a soldier. He sat down with nervous hesitation in the darkest corner he could find, and waited to be served. Long, thin delicate fingers fiddled with the forks and spoons, but didn't dare touch the little brass bell which would have summoned the waitress immediately.

After several minutes of patient waiting his hand crept towards the bell. But his courage failed before he could touch it.

"They won't know you're here unless you ring," I couldn't resist saying.

He looked up quickly and gave an apologetic smile. Clearing his throat he murmured, "It's all right, thanks. Someone'll come soon, I expect. I'm not in a hurry."

Another five minutes dragged by. Three of his colleagues tramped in noisily. They unloaded their tin hats, respirators, rifles with a clatter, and cheerfully banged on one of the tables.

"Lo, Granny," they greeted him. But they sat at another table.

"Hullo," said Granny, forcing a smile which as quickly faded. He dropped his eyes to the table and hastily picked up a magazine.

"I say, Thelma!" shouted one with good-humored impatience, "can we

have some coffee and toasted sandwiches? Hurry up or we'll come and get it."

Thelma appeared in the doorway, a plump little peroxide blonde in a floral house-smock. "Don't be in such a hurry," she said tartly. "You'll wait till I'm ready."

"Oh, now, now!" reproved the sapper they called Chandler. "That's not the way to speak to the gentlemen, my dear! Where are your manners?"

A good-natured grin quickly replaced the sharpness in Thelma's face. "Oh, all right," she said. "The trouble is the gas. There's not enough to cook a decent meal. It's been a fair terror since they bombed the gasworks in the town."

"But that was three nights back," said Chandler.

"I know. But every-

one's short till they

get it going again.

The gas man says it's

not the only one

they've got to fix,

so we'll just have

to wait our

turn."

She set

the cups

and saucers

out with a

cheerful clatter

while she talked

and flipped some

crumbs on to

the floor with a

grubby duster.

"I just don't know whether I'm

on me head or me heels what with

the crowd of you all wantin' some-

thing at once. Wish to goodness we

still 'ad the old kitchen range these

days. Then they could bomb all

the gasworks in the country and

we'd still be able to cook."

"Oh, well, don't worry. We'll wait.

But be as quick as you can, there's

a good girl."

She turned to go. Granny was

still sitting unnoticed in his corner.

He cleared his throat in that nervous

way of his. "I say, Miss," he

began, hardly above a whisper.

Bayley and Chandler glanced to-

wards him with a mixture of friendly

contempt and amused pity in their

faces. "Wait a bit, Thelma," Bayley

indicated Granny with a nod. "Tell

her what you want, Granny."

"Do you think I could have

sausages and mashed, and some

tea?" he asked, his face flushing

dully.

"Certainly," said Thelma pertly,

"You can have anything we can get,

so long's you can pay for it."

"Naturally," said Granny with

dignity.

The boys were always amused at Thelma's pertness. It relieved the boredom of rather dull meals to tease her. But Granny simply didn't understand it.

Surprise was reflected in Thelma's round blue eyes at his reply. She left the room without another word. The other boys twinkled at one another, wiping their smiles away with grubby brown hands. There was a moment's awkward silence.

Into the pause droned the faint, unmistakable throb of a German bomber.

"They're early to-night," remarked Fisher, glancing at his watch. "Only six."

"That's not so bad," replied Bayley. "What about last winter? Five-fifteen. The minute we'd blacked out they were over."

The sinister throbbing grew louder as the German bomber flew closer. The regular rhythmic thrumming was so different from

"Hold her steady! We can get him out now," said the A.F.S. man.

the steady roar of the British plane. No one took any notice. We were all too used to them by now. We heard a thunder of guns. A pleasant sound. None of us liked to think the German had it all his own way.

Thelma came in then with a tray of sandwiches—untoasted—and jugs of fragrant, steaming coffee. She looked bad-tempered again.

"You can't have sausages," she snapped at Granny, who started like a nervous horse. "And you boys'll have to have sandwiches as they are. The gas has gone out al-

together. It's lucky we've got a primus. We can still make coffee."

"Oh, that's quite all right," stammered Granny, half-rising. "I'm so sorry to have troubled you."

"You're not the trouble," said Thelma. "It's those blasted Nazis."

Granny meekly accepted the plate of sandwiches dumped in front of him. He began to eat them in silence. Thelma bounced out of the room and left them all to it. Chandler raised a comical eyebrow as he examined the sandwiches.

Please turn to page 17



Darwin women were all heroines

CAR CONVOY on the dusty roads out of Darwin. After the bombing raid on the town, Mrs. Abbott began a long overland trek by car over this country.

ALICE SPRINGS, central Australian town, where Mrs. Abbott arrived after a grueling 900-mile journey from Darwin.

RIGHT: Mrs. C. L. A. Abbott, wife of the Administrator at Darwin.

They behaved like soldiers as bombs rained down

By MERTON WOODS

Our special correspondent in the Northern Territory

Women of Darwin showed they all had the courage of heroines when Japanese planes made their first bombing raid on the Australian mainland. They met the emergency with grit and resource, and all of them—Administrator's wife, nurses, secretaries—showed complete selflessness in turning all their energies to the help of others.

Mrs. Abbott, wife of Darwin's Administrator, miraculously survived ruthless Japanese bombing, but only after a harrowing ordeal which she shared with all the other women who were in Darwin on that tragic day. Mrs. Abbott was caught off guard by the raiders. Bombs were dropping before she knew they were overhead.

MR. AND MRS. ABBOTT had planned to shelter with the Administration staff under the Administration Office building, about 25 yards from their fine old stone residence.

The office was elevated about five feet from the ground, on concrete piles.

The ground beneath it was concreted, and the floor of the office was of six-inch concrete.

But the sides were open and the shelter offered no protection against blast.

It was to this refuge that Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, their chauffeur, Frederick Kamper, and his wife, two half-caste servant girls, and an aboriginal boy ran when the bombs began to rain down.

Floor collapsed

THEY had scarcely crawled between the piles when a bomb fell in Administration House grounds, a few yards from them, and others on the road outside.

Less than 100 yards away other bombs hit and smashed Darwin Post Office, killing nine people.

The garage adjoining the office received an almost direct hit.

Blast from these missiles wrecked the office and the concrete floor collapsed.

A half-caste girl next to Mrs. Abbott was fatally wounded. The other was buried up to her head and shoulders.

The black boy's left foot was pinned beneath a pile of rubble.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott and Kamper



MRS. GWENDA HANSEN with Capt. H. B. Hussey, who moved a flying-boat to safety during the raid. Mrs. Hansen stayed with Capt. and Mrs. Hussey in Sydney before going to her mother's home in Melbourne.

and his wife were peppered by falling masonry and blinded by dust. With raiders still droning overhead and anti-aircraft batteries incessantly pounding at them they helped extricate the injured.

As they were helping them to Administration House, Japanese fighters swooped low, machine-gunning.

Bullets whizzed around the party as they hurried across the grounds, but none of them was hit.

Inside Administration House, while the harbor sky above was filled with bullets, shrapnel and clouds of smoke, Mrs. Abbott assisted in the care of the three injured until the all clear brought relief to her aching nerves.

Mr. Abbott as Civil Administrative head stayed behind on his job, but Mrs. Abbott with Mrs. Kamper, one injured half-caste girl, and an injured boy set out in the Administration car with Kamper, driving to find a safe refuge from bomb-torn Darwin.

For Mrs. Abbott it was the beginning of the most arduous journey of her life, a 900-mile dash by road, rail, and road again to Alice Springs.

While Jap bombers still cruised overhead, the party drove from Darwin to a station at Mount Bundy, two miles from Adelaide River and 76 miles from Darwin.

There in the cool comfort of an old-fashioned Never-Never homestead Mrs. Abbott had a few hours of fitful rest before joining the relief train for the south at Adelaide River at dawn next morning.

She neither asked nor received any preferential treatment. She climbed into a tarpaulin-covered cattle-truck with 36 half-caste kiddies evacuated from Melville Island Mission, with six courageous Sacred Heart sisters in charge of them, Mrs. Annie Herbert (85) and Mrs. Roy Edwards.

Mrs. Edwards is the wife of the Darwin business man and flier who gained fame after the Flying Doctor (Dr. Fenton) left the Territory by flying other doctors around Dr. Fenton's vast practice.

With no thought for her own comfort, Mrs. Abbott helped tend the children until they left the train at Pine Creek, 75 miles from Adelaide River.

She kept a watchful eye on Mrs.

NEAR BIRDUM on the overland road from Darwin, a rock pool much favored by troops passing along the road.

Herbert throughout the arduous journey made through blazing heat at an average speed of 10 miles per hour.

She was terribly sunburnt. After an hour's stop for a cup of tea and a bite of lunch at Pine Creek, the train pushed on another 50 miles to Katherine.

After a short stop there for another meal it went on into the night, starting a 15-hour run to Larrimah, junction of the railway and overland road, a few miles from Birdum.

There Mrs. Abbott had her first real rest in 48 hours.

From Larrimah she began a dusty, tiring 700-mile drive overland to Alice Springs.

Secretary's story

ANOTHER story of Darwin's raids was told to The Australian Women's Weekly by Mrs. Gwenda Hansen, who was at her secretarial post in Qantas Airways' Darwin office when the first bomb fell.

"We dashed out of our glass-fronted office to 'go to ground,'" said Mrs. Hansen.

"Ground" was the nearest gutter—a very dirty one.

"We saw a bomb hit the lovely old sandstone post office. During a lull we set out to run there to see if we could help anyone, but the planes came over again and we dived flat in the nearest paddock."

"Several of us from the office lay there for, I think, about an hour. The planes were so low we could see the rising suns under the wings."

"As long as I live I shall never forget the awful 'rat-tat-tat' of machine-gun fire."

"As soon as the 'all clear' came we ran to the car and I drove several of our pilots down to the wharf."

"I shall never forget the sight of men swimming and wading ashore. Some were only half-conscious. Most of them, their clothes stripped off by explosions, or by themselves to help them to swim, were badly burned by oil."

"While I watched them, wondering if I had the courage to help give them first aid, a naval man rushed up to me."

"For God's sake drive me to naval headquarters," he said.

"I drove him to naval headquarters, leaving our pilots discussing the flying-boat."

Flying hero

"WE had decided that as I was the least grubby and least alarming in appearance I should drive out to the hospital to see how our hero, Capt. Koch, was, and reassure him."

"I found him on the beach below the hospital, cheering up other people."

"On my way back there were wires down on the road, near a big bomb-crater. Remembering that electric wires are thicker than telephone wires, I got out to investigate."

"I heard someone call out, and saw a man with his arm almost torn off at the shoulder. I know practically nothing about first aid, but knew enough to realise that I had to stop the bleeding somehow."

"I tore up some of my underclothes and made a ligature as best I could. He was almost unconscious and I wondered how on earth I was to get him into the car."

"A man came along on a bicycle and helped me, and I drove the wounded man to the hospital."

"When I returned to the harbor there was no sign of our flying-boat—or Capt. Hussey."

"Everyone knows now the story of how he took the plane to safety and brought it back. It was one of the most heroic actions in heroic little Darwin that day."

"The nurses at the hospital were magnificent. When their 'disorganised' day was over they had to set to to evacuate all their patients as we expected more raids the next day. They worked all night to see their charges safely on to the train."

Battalion's folk become one family



PREPARING DINNER for the 200 evacuees is a big job, but Mrs. J. Keible tackles it with a smile. Cooking is done on fuel stoves in the big kitchens of the two hotels they have taken over at Harden.



HOME FROM SCHOOL. Fresh country milk is rushed by the boys when they get home from school each day. Big pitchers of milk and dozens of mugs are set out ready for them.



KEROSENE TINS are needed to hold the huge amounts of vegetables for each meal. Preparing these vegetables are (from left): Mesdames M. Manefield, R. Jordan, E. Bennett, F. Dodd, and F. Kelly.



MOVING ROOMS. Four-year-old Christina helps her mother, Mrs. J. H. Spencer, carry her things from one hotel to another. Rooms are being rearranged as the evacuees settle in.

They packed A.I.F. spirit in their country-bound luggage

By JEAN McNICOLL

The Australian Women's Weekly Staff Reporter who went to Harden to see the battalion evacuees.

That same spirit of camaraderie which exists in the A.I.F. has sprung up among the 200 wives and children of men of the 2/1st Pioneer Battalion who evacuated en masse to Harden last week.

This vast "family" has taken over two hotels for the duration of the war. Everyone from 70-year-old grandmothers to babies in arms is filled with enthusiasm for the new way of life.

THE A.I.F. spirit is a very real force in this "family." They're proud of their men overseas and their pride is being given full expression in making this voluntary, self-supporting scheme go with a swing.

Soon after I arrived in Harden I saw that the Pioneers were going to have reason to be proud of their home folk.

Mothers and children have formed a working community that is lit by real comradeship.

I found everybody working and everybody making light of their share of the job.

Mrs. O'Malley Woods (president of the battalion's comforts fund) is the originator of the evacuation idea.

Great welcome

"EVERYONE in Harden has been marvellous to us," she said. "From the moment of our arrival—when the town band, the Boy Scouts, and what looked like the entire population greeted us at the railway station—everyone has been kind and helpful."

There are 25 "motherless" children among the evacuees.

Their fathers are overseas with the battalion and their mothers are

all working in munition factories or other war jobs.

Ten cows, 30 sheep, and three tons of fodder for the cows are among the gifts made to the evacuees.

These were given by Mr. Sam Osborne from his nearby property, Redbank.

Later the older boys will learn to milk the cows.

The smaller children have the job of collecting eggs from the poultry run.

If a household duties have been divided into sections by the mothers, who act as cooks, waitresses, and housemaids.

Matron Woodrow is in charge of the "children and has worked out a properly-balanced diet for their meals.

"The children look healthier after just these few days of country air and good food," said Matron.

"We have a little girl, two years old, who had never tasted milk until she came here. The first morning she wanted sausages for breakfast. Now she's eating cereals, eggs, and milk, and loving it."

Housekeeping is done on a huge scale. Daily rations include 20 gallons of milk, 12 dozen eggs, 24 loaves of bread, and about 25lbs. of meat.

Vegetables are cooked in big dices and kerosene tins in enormous quantities. At least half a sack of potatoes is needed for each meal.

Seven loaves of bread and four pounds of butter are used every morning for the "cut lunches" the 80 school-age children need every day.

For the little ones a special kindergarten has been arranged in one of the hotels and is run on the same lines as the free kindergarten in Sydney.

So that mothers can have a rest the children are given their meals separately. A roster system of "supervisors" gives each mother a turn at looking after the children at meal-time.

"This is the first time I've sat down to a meal for 17 years," said Mrs. M. Manefield, one of the grandmothers.

"There have always been so many children and grandchildren to look after at home I've been too busy to sit down and feed myself."

Mrs. Manefield's two sons were in a Pioneer battalion in the Great War, and her son-in-law is with the Pioneers in this war. She is proud to take her share in looking after the youngsters of this gallant band of fighters.

Stopping for a moment from polishing the stairway, Mrs. D. Jar-

dine, who with her six children evacuated from their home at Tennyson Point, said: "This is a holiday."

"I don't have to worry about the children. I don't have to cook and, best of all, I don't have to think of what I'll give the family for dinner."

Mother of four, Mrs. R. Jordan has the daily scrubbing of the tiled entrance hall as part of her duties.

"This isn't work," she said. "I enjoy it because I feel I can show my appreciation of being here by making a good job of it."

General verdict of the children is: "It's extra good here."

"You can catch rabbits," said one small boy.

"And you get your dinner given to you and don't have to get up to get anything," said another.

Boys' Club

"THERE'S the Police Boys' Club, too," chipped in a third.

Local policemen are already favorites with the children. Each night eight of the older boys go to the Boys' Club, where the "gym" is the big attraction.

Second-class Sergeant R. T. Jagers is hoping he can enlarge the club's rooms soon so all the boys can be fitted in each night.

An impromptu concert given by the boys the night I visited them was a great success, and finished up as community singing.

Highlights of the concert were guitar and mouth organ solos and recitations.

Poems written by his father and sent from overseas were recited by Keith Kelly.

Youngest evacuee is three-months-old Paul Johnson. He has already gained several ounces and a country suntan.



WRITING HOME. "This is a beautiful place," writes little June Rogers to her mother, who has a full-time war job in Sydney.



UNCLE AND NEPHEW. Jackie Dodd, 14 months old, and his nephew, 13-months-old Billy Cochrane, are known as "the twins."

The children after the first few days' homesickness have revelled in the country atmosphere.

They have been adopted en masse by the townspeople of Harden and Murrumburrah, a nearby town.

A disused stable at one of the hotels was turned into the boys' club by Constable Spicer, of Murrumburrah, who is also a famous athlete.

Picnics have been arranged for the girls and their parents, and the outlying community are doing their best to see that the visitors see as much of the countryside as possible.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY IN UNIFORM



PRIVATE WYNNE ROBERTS, stenographer, at the salute. The uniform of the A.W.A.S. is pin-neat and tailored to perfection. The simple khaki drill frock is topped with an impeccable jacket to match, and contrasting felt hat.



PRIVATE ISABEL WALKER tries on her new uniform, while Private Neil McDonough checks the length (the frocks must be 15 inches from the ground). Short and simple hair-do's and immaculate grooming are order of the day.



A HARD-WORKING and cheerful quartet in the tailoring hut. Privates Joyce Rogers, Gwen Still, Isabel Walker, and Neil McDonough are kept busy altering, pressing, and checking uniforms for fellow members of the service.

Editorial

MARCH 7, 1942

We Will Fight —And Win!

JAPANESE bombs on Darwin blasted away any lingering hopes that Australia might yet be so fortunate as to escape the physical blows of war.

We must face it as Australians, we must fight it as Australians.

Our country needs more than passive courage and endurance now; it needs the active fighting spirit that makes a people blind to any destiny other than victory.

There must be only one thing we are unwilling to face—defeat.

This is a fight for victory or extinction. A compromise can bring us only slavery and starvation, with Japanese overlords in contemptuous domination over the once proud race of white Australians.

Never before have we known an invader in our land, but we have a magnificent fighting tradition which must be upheld.

We must fight in the Anzac manner. We must carry that spirit in the hard days that are ahead of us.

We have watched with sore hearts the tide of battle go against us temporarily. But let us have no fear for the future, nor lose courage for the fight.

If there are a faint-hearted few among us they must be saved from themselves. They must be strengthened by the staunchness of those about them till they discover in their own hearts the courage that saved London and Moscow.

It is there. It is in all of us—the fighting spirit of Australia, the spirit of our pioneer ancestors, the spirit of Anzac.

—THE EDITOR.

I've been reading what Australia is writing

War and humor most popular sections in our £2000 fiction contest

By LESLIE HAYLEN

A vehement old gentleman with a very decided manner draped himself over the corner of my desk the other day. "This fiction contest you're running," he said. "Where is it going to get you?"

Waving a copy of a famous overseas magazine, he said: "When you get Australians to write like this, then I'll read their stories."

THE story he was extolling was by Dale Collins, brother of Captain Collins, formerly of the Sydney, and a pretty good Australian himself. Which brings me to the point I am making.

Australians can write good short stories. There are hundreds of MSS in this office at the moment to prove that.

None of them carries the dust of ages or the sorrowful dog-eared look of much-travelled MSS. They have been specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly.

They are bright and new and up-and-coming, all entries in the short story section of The Australian Women's Weekly fiction contest which closes on March 31. (The serial contest goes on till September 30).

They didn't get to us by accident. We went out after them, offered £2000 in prizes to make the job of writing them worth while, and we have been delighted with the result.

We think our readers will like the stories, too, and in the process of getting these yarns for you we have run up against some first-rate Australians with an urge to write of Australia and Australians.

From Tobruk

A SOLDIER wrote to us from Tobruk.

He thought the contest a great idea, and he was submitting a story. It was a long time coming, but eventually it came to my desk. With it came a letter which didn't mention battle. It told of the Digger and his mates receiving some gum leaves in a letter from home.

They gathered round and burnt them. "Geel the smell of those crackling gum leaves in the Libyan desert made us homesick," said the Digger.

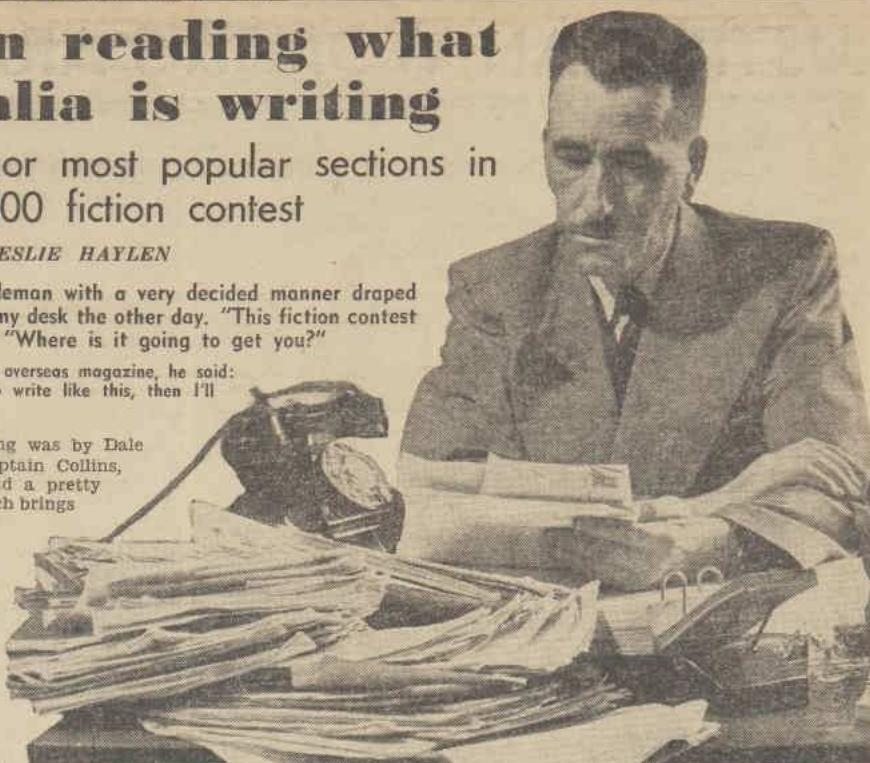
There's a nostalgic beauty about those few lines which carries the tang of literature.

There's a love of kith and kin expressed in that simple act to make singing lines in some great Australian novel of the future.

There's a great kick, too, for us in dipping up things like that.

I can tell you right now, before the stories are judged, that the No. 1 heroine in the stories is Australia herself. She is the great lover of our fiction to-day.

There is humor as well as drama in the handling of this contest. In the mailbag recently was a letter from a man who had "waltzed



Matilda" through three States of the Commonwealth.

He sent along his story. It went through a first reading merrily—a simple story of the bush with a certain quality of charm to it. "Only a bushman could have written that," said a colleague. "Born and bred to it—lived every line of it." I agreed.

A few days later the swaggie wrote again.

He was an M.A. of a famous University, but liked to knock around the bush and write about it when the fancy took him.

A contributor writing under a nom de plume and on both sides of the paper submitted a romance that Ethel M. Dell would not deny as her own brain-child.

It WAS her own brain-child.

A novel with enough stamps on it to pay next week's wage-tax reached us recently. The author said she was sure it wasn't quite as long as "Gone With the Wind." It wasn't. It was sixty-six words or so short of the epic of the deep south. Just to show there are two

MR. LESLIE HAYLEN and some of the MSS submitted this week in our £2000 fiction contest. Mr. Haylen, News Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and one of the judges of the contest, is also a well-known Australian author. His latest book, "Brown Boy Singing," was published last year.

sides to everyone's story, a youngster from Maitland said she wanted to enter the contest, but couldn't think of a full-length story, so was enclosing a "Brainwave."

But mostly with our writers it's a very serious business, and the whole continent is helping us make

this fiction contest a resounding success.

"Can you get an Australian story with a snow and sleigh bells setting at Christmas time? Too right you can," wrote a soldier from Syria.

"I'm knocking it off now, and it's December 23, with the heaviest fall of snow in 25 years in this part of the world. Some thousands of Diggers make the locale dinkum Aussie."

With a month to go war stories and humor are running head and head as the most popular themes.

Unless the girls are pulling our legs and writing under male noms de plume, more men than women are writing romance.

The woman writers plump solidly for a good spine-chilling thriller, and on a casual count there are more women murderers than men in these "whodunits."

Does that prove anything?

Pioneer note

HISTORICAL themes attract women writers, and most of the action is set when pioneer great-grandmother was young and pretty. There is a nostalgia, too, for old colonial homes and furniture—many writers laying great emphasis on these things as the background of their stories.

Bushranging stories have gone out of fashion, but city stories and tales with the beaches as backgrounds are numerous.

The fresh note in these Australian stories is the munitions - war work theme, mostly used as a background for romance.

Wardens and Waaafs seem, on the evidence of our writers, to have the most sex appeal, but the hero of one story is a military policeman.

Reading through so many stories I have not once struck a writer using the great Australian adjective. Is it just good craftsmanship or do they think a women's paper can't take it?

THERE'S STILL TIME TO WRITE THAT SHORT STORY

THE short story section of The Australian Women's Weekly fiction contest closes on March 31, but there is still time for your effort to reach us if you get busy now.

There is a £200 cash prize to be won in each of the five sections — ROMANCE, ADVENTURE, WAR STORIES, THRILLER, HUMOR.

Stories should be between 2000 and 8000 words in length. They may be typewritten or in legible handwriting. Please write on one side of the paper, and mark your entry with the section in which you are competing.

Entries should be addressed to Fiction Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, or Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Remember, March 31 is the closing date for short stories, but the £1000 serial contest will not close until September 30.

Listen-in to 2GB at 4.15 on Thursday next, when Mr. Leslie Haylen will give a talk on The Australian Women's Weekly fiction contest.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

A RATION OF FUN

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I've got so much faith in this old bus I'd fly her without a tail."



"But you guaranteed this watch would last me a lifetime."
"Certainly! But you looked pretty sick the day you bought it."



"Treat them kindly, Mrs. Merkle. They've never been away from home before."



"Well, good luck!"



"I won't book you this time, but let this be a lesson to you."

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—As a start, pick out the longest of these three rivers of ours, Lachlan—Murrumbidgee—Darling.

2—You know those letters, "U.S.S.R." by which we denote Russia's Soviet Union. They stand for

Universal Society for Socialist Reform—Russian words meaning "Comradeship and equality for all"—Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—Russian words meaning "Universal ownership."

3—By knitting every row plain you produce

Moss-stitch—stocking-stitch—garter-stitch.

4—What exactly is a barnacle?

A type of sea slug—a marine growth—a shellfish—a sea fungus.

5—Recent news highlight—the sensational fire aboard the former French luxury liner, Normandie. America, after selling her, re-named her

Columbia—Lincoln—Lafayette—Washington—New York City.

6—And here's a gift—for you've only to identify the Bristol Beaufort as a

Fighter plane—bomber.

7—Breathes there the man with

soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! These well-known lines were written by

Byron—Scott—Shakespeare—Shelley—Campbell.

8—How's your garden these days? And talking of gardens, do you know which of these flowers was called after a Swedish botanist?

Dahlia—cinnia—aster—tulip—sweet william.

9—Now flash back to schooldays and recall that the King of England when Joan of Arc led France to victory was

Edward III—Henry IV—Richard II—Edward II—Henry VI.

10—As you know, one of our shillings bears a ram's head. The value of the coin is indicated in the form

Shilling—one shilling.

11—Density of water is measured with a

Micrometer—hygrometer—hydrometer—odometer.

12—Finally, hide your diminished head if you don't know straight off that Palembang, so vividly in the news recently, is in

New Guinea—Borneo—Java—Sumatra—Celebes.

Answers on page 26

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"TO be quite candid," said the medical practitioner, "your complaint is laziness."
"I know, doctor," said the patient, "but could you give me a scientific name for it to tell the wife?"

"YES, sir, I've been travelling on this train now for 20 years."
"Goeh! What station did you get in at?"

"WE must get a nurse for the baby!"
"Nurse be hanged! What he wants is a nightwatchman."

"BUT how did you get all that coal, Tommy. I hope you didn't steal it."
"No, Mum. I just sat on the railway crossing and made faces at the engine-drivers."

"MR. CHAIRMAN," said the speaker, "there are so many interruptions I can scarcely hear myself speaking."
A Voice: "Never mind, old man, you're not missing much."

"WHAT'S diplomacy?"
"Well, if you tell a girl that her face would stop a clock, you're in trouble. But tell her that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes. That's diplomacy."

Who's your neighbour?

Vital . . .
Absorbing . . .
Entertaining . . .

is this unique inquiry into the lives of ordinary people. The people you pass every day . . . sit next to in trains . . . maybe don't in over the fence . . . neighbours . . . yet how many of us know the drama, comedy, romance, until now hidden in their lives. Now it comes to you in these interviews with real-life neighbours . . . ordinary people . . . shop hands, factory workers, clerks, waitresses, schoolteachers, defence workers, soldiers, sailors, and so on. Meet them in the flesh . . . hear them tell the true stories of their lives and work.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ CONFIRM OR DENY

(Week's Best Release)

Don Ameche, Joan Bennett.
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)
RACY topical melodrama, "Confirm or Deny" tells of the adventures of the head of an American news service in London during the blitz.

The attempts of this American (Don Ameche) to keep the service open, in spite of bombings, make for occasional excitement. Drawn into his schemes are English John Loder, Raymond Walburn, and Roddy McDowall.

Ameche gives a lively portrayal. Joan Bennett as the English girl who is employed by the service is unexpectedly good. Roddy McDowall, playing the little Cockney office boy who sticks to his job to the last, and Arthur Shields, as a blind newspaperman, are both fine. —Mayfair; showing.

★★ SWAMP WATER

Walter Brennan, Walter Huston.
(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

THIS film draws a vivid picture of the primitive whites living near the swamps of Georgia, but it is certainly no tale for the nervous.

The hero of this earthy, slowly-paced drama is Dana Andrews. Fighting his way through the alligator-infested swamps in search of his lost dog, Dana finds Walter Brennan, in hiding after escaping hanging for murder. Convinced of Brennan's innocence, the young man nearly loses his girl, and his life, before finding the real culprit.

The film is exceptionally well played by a talented cast, which includes Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore, Anne Baxter, and John Carradine. —Plaza; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

★ HATS OFF

John Payne, Mae Clarke. (B.E.F.)

RIVALRY between two neighboring Texas towns, each trying to outdo the other with its local fairs, is the basis for a mildly entertaining musical.

The Press agent for one fair, Mae Clarke, double-crosses the Press agent for the other, John Payne, then falls in love with him.

Payne sings tunelessly, acts competently, while Mae is attractive enough. Franklin Pangborn is the comical carnival herb doctor. The two Stooges and the Three Radio Rogues are diverting in specialty numbers. —Capitol; showing.

★ OBLIGING YOUNG LADY

Joan Carroll, Edmond O'Brien. (RKO.)

MEET JOAN CARROLL, a spry nine-year-old mixx, who seems headed for star popularity. She is amusing without being precocious. Here's the true plot. When her quarrelling parents decide to divorce, Joan is taken by a family friend to a secluded resort. There she makes trouble for everyone—reporters Eve Arden and Edmond

Cable news from studios!

By BARBARA O'CONNOR in HOLLYWOOD

To-day the stars are giving up all their spare time to help the Allied war effort in every way.

THE newest Hopalong Cassidy adventure from Paramount is set in Australia. Its theme is the round-up of cattle-thieves. How do you like the idea?

ANOTHER film actress, June Lang, won her divorce this week from husband John Rossell. She told the court he objected to her career.

HOLLYWOOD is particularly pleased at the news that former film actor Wayne Morris, now U.S. Navy Ensign, plans to marry Patricia O'Bourke, nineteen-year-old society girl, and sincerely hopes this marriage will turn out more happily than his first.

You will remember that Wayne married tobacco heiress Bubbles Schinas just three years ago. Eighteen months later Bubbles divorced him, although Wayne desperately tried to effect a reconciliation for the sake of their infant son.

MICKEY ROONEY'S bride, Ava Gardner, is making a grand recovery from that emergency appendectomy. She was out of hospital convalescing within a week of the operation.

THE final choice for the lead opposite Joan Fontaine in Selznick's "Jane Eyre" is Ronald Colman. Film will be going into production soon.

THE comedy, "To Be or Not to Be," which the late Carole Lombard finished just before her tragic death has been premiered in Hollywood. Critics hail it as Carole's best.

JEAN MUIR, who has been playing on the stage for the past few years, is returning to the screen in "The Constant Nymph."

BETTE DAVIS will return from New Hampshire about the middle of next month to star in the film version of "Now Voyager," the best-selling novel by Olive Prouty, author of "Stella Dallas." Bette went down to her farm in New Hampshire a few weeks ago to be with her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, who is convalescing from a severe pneumonia bout.

LINDA DARNELL has been ordered by her doctors to give up her entertainment tour of army camps, and go home for a rest.

CAROLEE LOMBARD'S brother, Stuart Peters, has joined the U.S. Navy.

THE romance between Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery is the latest surprise in town. George calls Hedy "Penny," and she is wearing his appropriate gift—a costume clip made of pennies.

COMEDIANS Laurel and Hardy have had to cancel their tour of the States because Hardy is suffering from a serious throat ailment. The pair had planned a three months' tour in aid of the war effort.

ENGLISH Basil Rathbone, who has been re-elected president of the British War Relief Fund, has revealed that a million dollars in supplies as well as money has been sent to England from California alone.

THEY

liked seeing her on duty, cool and efficient and attractive against a background of street accidents, operations, and babies.

The day before Bill left the hospital he begged Valerie for a drink—whisky, of course. He explained it wouldn't do him any harm. It didn't. She gave him the drink.

"This was awfully nice of you," he acknowledged. "Will you come out to lunch with me to-morrow?"

"You mean in broad daylight?" "To-morrow and every day for a week," went on Bill, "you will lunch with me and dine with me. Dances, plays, pictures. Any place you like. You pick the spots."

Valerie felt herself congealing with aloofness. That was the trouble. As soon as you were even civil to this sort of person.

"Look," Valerie said slowly, "I'm a nurse and I would do anything for you. I've given you luxuries you shouldn't have."

"I've held your hand and seen that you drank your medicine. I've even smuggled you whisky. But I am not going to be made the laughing-stock of this hospital by going out to lunch with you."

Bill seemed unconcerned. "All right," he said casually. "Forget it." Valerie looked, at him, and her heart took an unheated spin. She said, quickly, "Besides, I'm on duty to-morrow."

"Then dinner it is," said Bill confidently, and closed his eyes.

These concealed Apollos, Valerie thought. "All right," she said. "I'll go. But," she added over her shoulder, "I'd rather 'let the zoo'!"

At seven o'clock that next evening, Valerie waited in her room for the honk of Bill's iron steed, and wondered if Bill would be an entertaining escort.

She thought instinctively of Roy. He had praised her, danced with her, motored with her, and regularly said he loved her; in fact, Roy's protectiveness had always touched her. Bill would probably be as gentle as the strong man at a circus.

Roy. It was impossible, of course, to have any fun with one man while your heart was still with another. Sometime, somewhere she might meet Roy again. And then? Well, she'd take him back, she supposed. After all, you couldn't go on forever bearing a grudge against a person

you loved. He'd left her. Well, he'd be sorry and he'd apologise like the gentleman he was. He'd ask her to wear his ring again. And would she be happy? The girls would say she had no pride, but that would not hurt if Roy were beside her.

She heard Bill's car outside and went out to the street. They hummed smoothly along to a night spot called the Pelican, where other diners looked at Valerie, not because she was pretty, but because she was the girl with the handsome Air Force officer.

Valerie was relieved to get a corner table and a menu to concentrate on. She had been nursing for three years, and faces, usually, never bothered her. But to-night, here with Bill, she felt like the well-known goldfish. Bill was obviously having a fine time.

Realising that he was still almost a perfect stranger to her, Valerie asked Bill desultory questions.

"Would you like to hear the story of my life?" he asked, and without waiting for her reply told her, among other things, that he was crazy about flying, but as a small boy he had wanted to be an engine-driver.

"And William is not my only first name," he assured her. "There are also Benjamin and Wellington."

"If," said Valerie, over the top of her champagne glass, "you don't mind, I'll call you Bill."

And that was just the beginning. They went on, next, to a theatre and then to a supper club, where Bill patted her shoulder and grinned, "Hang onto that late pass of yours, nurse."

It was over at last and Bill's car crawled back to the hospital. They were parked outside, and then it all happened like lightning—Bill put his arms round her and said that of course she knew—she must know—that he loved her.

Did she? Valerie's mind felt a little mixed up then. Instinctively she had pulled away from him, and he had let her go, watching her in the half-light with all the gaiety and boyishness stripped from his face.

"Is that the best you can do for me?" he asked.

"Under the circumstances."

"Said circumstances being somebody else?" he ventured.

And then she found herself telling him all about Roy. How she

still loved him and hoped he would want her back.

"Did you ever build up a rosy future for yourself and then have something smash it to bits at one blow?" she asked Bill.

"No," he said.

"Did you ever lose something you valued more than anything else without wishing you had it back?"

"No," he said, "but I know how you feel."

"No, you don't," she snapped. "You've never had the last prop knocked right from under your feet!"

And Valerie fled up the steps of the hospital.

For the next two mornings, at regular intervals from nine till noon, Bill telephoned Valerie; and every time she heard his voice she hung up. On the third morning she did listen to him (because you couldn't let a man spend his leave ringing you up), and even accepted an invitation to lunch. It happened to be her half-day off.

They drove after lunch into the country. It was very hot, and it was marvellous just to lie on the grass and bask.

"Look at those trees!" Bill made a sweeping gesture towards the forest on either side. White, majestic birches! "Gosh, I feel primitive and contented."

He might also have been a young savage, she thought. Every now and then he lifted his face to the wind like a puppy. Dreamily, his voice drifted over to her.

"Valerie, I've flown through rosy dawns that thrilled me and flaming sunsets that excited me, but you are the loveliest thing I've ever seen. I love you, Valerie. I want you to marry me."

"I am not," she replied dramatically, "interested in marriage at the moment."

Bill's face was suddenly alert. He turned over on one elbow and looked down at her. "I think," he said, "that it's about time you forgot that stupid pride of yours. I've done everything but fall at your feet, and these last few days have been something. You get mad because Roy isn't holding your hand instead of me. For months you've been carrying a torch for a man who dropped you. I suppose you'll be doing that for the rest of your life!"

"I don't know," murmured Valerie.

"Anyway, to-morrow is my last evening," said Bill. "I've got my papers to go back over there. Is there any reason why you shouldn't go to the Red Cross Ball with me?"

Valerie said she didn't see why they shouldn't go. Strangely, the mere thought of him going without her seemed a very empty one. He had definitely become important in her life.

Valerie was aware of enviously turned heads as she danced with Bill. This party was a very special occasion; in fact, she had dressed for it more elaborately than usual, in a beautifully cut and trained moire gown.

Bill's eyes caressed her and her spirits rose. "It has been fun knowing you," he said gravely. "You're the only girl I ever met who knew how to be natural."

"It is fun," she said lightly. "Isn't the music good?"

It happened about nine-thirty. Valerie hadn't seen a great deal of Bill. He was most popular. But finally he cut in. "Let's go on the terrace," he urged. "The moon is up."

She took his arm, but suddenly, as they neared the edge of the floor, she stopped.

"Bill! Look! It's Roy."

Bill followed her gaze and saw a very tanned, very broad-shouldered young man in khaki sipping a drink at a table in a small recess off the ballroom. Bill was silent a moment. Then he looked down at Valerie. "Now's your chance."

"You mean to get out of here?" "I mean to lay Roy's ghost once and for all. You've crept into a corner and stayed there ever since he went away. Now you're coming out."

"What do you mean?" Valerie shivered.

"All you have to do is to go up to the nice gentleman and say hello."

"And then, what?"

"I don't think you will have to say much more," said Bill.

She couldn't do it. And yet, of course, it was the one thing she must do. Hadn't she longed all these months for just such a chance, hoping desperately that this moment would put everything right?

WELL, perhaps it would. But the mere sight of Roy had turned her heart to water.

Bill was smiling down at her. "I'll be on the terrace if you need help."

"Bill!" she cried. But he had gone.

She would have to do it. Valerie took a deep breath and went across to Roy.

"Hello, Roy."

Lieutenant Roy Collier started violently, knocking his glass over at the sound of her voice.

"Hello, Valerie." And then a faint but very definite pink flush crept into Roy's cheeks—and stayed there.

He didn't know what to say. Why, he's embarrassed, she thought. He feels guilty. And suddenly she wanted to laugh.

Roy spoke quickly the words a hurried flow against the catch in his throat. "Look, Valerie, I was just going. If you'll excuse me, I'm really in an awful hurry."

A moment's silence. I mustn't hate him, she thought. When she spoke her voice was perfectly calm. "I won't keep you. I only thought you might like to congratulate me."

"Are you going to be married?"

"Yes," said Valerie. "And nothing is going to stop me."

It was a shock to Bill when Valerie appeared on the terrace so quickly. Something must have happened. Well, he had known that something must. He said, "I just saw your ex-fiance going off like a small tornado."

Valerie was laughing. She looked happy—somehow much happier than he had ever seen her. "I didn't know it would end like that," she said. "Roy actually blushed. And he was a stranger to me, really an absolute stranger. Oh, Bill, if that 'marry me' offer is still open I'd like to take it. And Bill, if ever I go all proud and foolish again I want you to beat me."

"With a whip. But that, beautiful, is what I like about you. Your pride, your fire, your loyalty. Don't ever be a ally and lose them."

"Stop," she cried. "I've been a sentimental little ninny and you know it. Why, what are you lighting that match for, Bill Bradley?"

"To see the way your eyes look," he explained. "I always want to remember them as they are to-night." And Bill's voice was strong and sure on the domestic note.

(Copyright)

The Movie World

March 7, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Not taking risks

ANN MILLER is with Penny Singleton in "Go West, Young Lady," new Columbia musical.

Although she has at times surprised Hollywood with the velocity and daring of her improvised dance numbers, Ann developed a streak of caution during the making of "Go West, Young Lady." A dance routine was complicated by the fact that Ann had to wear cowboy boots.

Worse still, she was surrounded by cowboys who were both bootied and spurred. Ann looked at those spurs—and then she asked for shin-guards!

Although Ann appeared in "Stage Door" and Frank Capra's "You Can't Take It With You" during her first siege of Hollywood, it was not until she had made a hit on the New York stage in George White's "Scandals" that the studios felt they really needed her.

Like so many others, Ann Miller now looks back on her initial Hollywood experiences with a smile. That Thanksgiving Day when she and her mother dined on a piece of chocolate cake which the landlady had brought in simply to show how well she could make it . . .

Those rounds of the studios and night-clubs where nobody seemed to need a dancer . . . The cheque from home which somehow seemed to miss the mail . . .



DANCE DIRECTOR STEPS OUT



1 STAGE PRODUCER Martin Cortland (Robt. Benchley) fails to attract chorine Sheila (R. Hayworth) with diamond bracelet.



2 ON WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, Cortland, afraid of wife (Frieda Inescort), says dance director Bob Curtis (Fred Astaire) bought bracelet for Sheila, although actually Bob completely ignores girls he directs.



3 HELPFUL Bob pretends to love Sheila, but is annoyed when paper soon announces their engagement.



4 JOINING ARMY as private, Bob meets handsome Tom (John Hubbard), who hopes to marry Sheila.



5 AWARE he is in love, Bob goes A.W.I. in captain's uniform to impress Sheila. Abashed, he meets Tom, real captain, and Tom's mother (Ann Shoemaker).



6 DIRECTING camp variety show, Bob secretly contrives, on stage, real wedding ceremony, which makes him Sheila's husband, and enraged Tom orders his arrest.

MUSICAL LAUGH SHOW

COLUMBIA'S "You'll Never Get Rich" is the much-discussed film introducing Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth as a new dance team.

Pair dance together to six Cole Porter melodies, but this film is no musical extravaganza.

Its topical story has as background U.S. army life, and centres

on a top-ranking Broadway dance director (Fred Astaire) who joins the army as a private.

Glamorous Rita Hayworth is an ambitious chorus girl.

Droll comedian Robert Benchley plays the musical producer who turns up at Fred's camp with his Broadway company and persuades Fred to help organise a camp show.

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Actual Statement by

Linda Darnell

20th Century-Fox Star, in "Blue and Silver"



IMAGINE ME HAVING LUXURY BEAUTY BATHS JUST LIKE THE FILM STARS! THEY'RE SO INEXPENSIVE TOO. A TABLET OF LUX TOILET SOAP LASTS AGES!



I LOVE TO BE NEAR YOU-YOUR SKIN IS SO LOVELY!

THINKS I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR THOSE WORDS FROM BILL, BUT SINCE I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP MY COMPLEXION IS WONDERFULLY SOFT AND SMOOTH

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Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP

And then:

DARLING, YOU'RE
AS LOVELY ON
THE BEACH AS
IN A BALLROOM.

She thinks:
**HE WOULDN'T
HAVE SAID THAT IF
REXONA HADN'T CLEARED
UP MY SKIN.**

SHE is always adored... the girl with a beautiful smooth complexion! If you're embarrassed by little blemishes that crop up from time to time, use Rexona Soap whenever you wash.

Put its rich medicated lather over face, shoulders and back. Its healing medicaments float the poison out of your pores, help skin stay fresh. You'll love its delicate fragrance—and regular use of Rexona will keep your complexion clear and attractive.

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Oil of Cossia, Oil of Cloves,
Oil of Terabinth, Bonyl Acetate,
all recognised valuable
skin medicaments.

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No
More
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"I never dared appear in bathing suit or evening dress. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and smelly pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster. I was in despair until a friend told me about New 'VEET'. This dainty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth."

Just as shaving turns a youth's downy growth into a stiff, coarse beard, so your unwanted hair grows back thicker and coarser when you use a razor. The up-to-date girl uses the latest discovery

of science—New 'VEET'. This dainty, fragrant cream gently dissolves away the hair down below the surface of the skin. Leaves the skin satin-soft, without a trace of stubble—not even a shadow. And actually weakens growth. You will be amazed how quick, easy and pleasant it is to remove hair with New 'VEET'. But never apply it where you want hair to grow again. Successful results guaranteed with New 'VEET' or money refunded. 2/6 & 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

Little boy from London

RODDY McDOWALL IN
LUNCHTIME INTERVIEW

By BARBARA O'CONNOR
in Hollywood

SINCE the release of Fox's "How Green Was My Valley," critics are hailing 13-year-old English evacuee Roddy McDowall as the greatest child star since Freddie Bartholomew. So I interviewed pink-cheeked, brown-eyed Roddy over lunch in Fox Studio cafe, where a steady stream of stars and directors stopped at our table to congratulate Roddy on his performance in the film.

The youngster was polite, but unimpressed by this adulation. He was more interested in exhibiting his newly-capped front tooth to a chosen few; and he became puffed with pride when Ida Lupino pronounced it a magnificent dental job.

Roddy, a friendly, unaffected youngster, quickly took over our interview, asking me a series of riddles of which his favorite is: "Why does Mussolini want to buy Catalina Island's glass-bottomed boat?"

Delighted when I was unable to answer, Roddy explained: "So he can review the Italian fleet."

Overjoyed with the success of this joke, he attacked his chocolate sundae with renewed vigor, saying father told him this riddle.

Immensely proud of his father, who is serving in the merchant marine, the boy told me that he is as handsome as Gable and should be an actor, but has a more important job—winning the war. Roddy then became sad as he explained he had not seen his father since December, when the latter's ship briefly visited Los Angeles.

His mother changed the subject by taking two pieces of shrapnel from her handbag saying that they were picked from the curtains of her home in England, which was twice bombed.

The McDowall family took shelter



● Above you see Roddy McDowall as Husk in "How Green Was My Valley," his Fox role which brought him new fame.

● Real life study of Roddy, left, shows mixture of seriousness and impishness Barbara O'Connor describes in her first-hand story.

a child in "Son of Fury," and is starred in "Sunny-side," the story of an English evacuee in America. He is now to star in "Pied Piper" and "My Friend Flicka."

Several Dickens stories are also under consideration for Roddy. He may play in "Oliver Twist" or in "David Copperfield," the story which originally brought Freddie Bartholomew to Hollywood. 20th Century-Fox is also contemplating a remake of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Remember Jackie Cooper in the early talkie from this famous adventure?

In the meantime, Mrs. McDowall has taken out American citizenship papers for herself, Roddy and Virginia. She says it is the least she can do to repay the opportunities which this country has given her small son. As you know, however, it will mean some time before

Roddy becomes a full-fledged American citizen.

While Mrs. McDowall was talking about his films to me, Roddy was applying himself in a concentrated fashion to his last spoonful of ice-cream. There was no interrupting of conversation with demands or questions. He might have been at that moment any suburban youngster who regarded grown-up discussions as faintly boring.

Roddy himself is a completely new screen type. He speaks beautifully, and is a natural actor. Off-screen the boy is a strange mixture of seriousness and impishness. He proved his poise recently when he addressed large crowds in Pershing Square, Los Angeles, in aid of Defence Bond sales.

He and his family live in a small home in Beverly Hills, where Roddy builds model ships and collects stamps. He attends Fox Studio school with his sister, but says his favorite occupation is witnessing horror films. He rarely misses the Frankenstein mysteries. His favorite actors are Errol Flynn and Bette Davis—plus the horror-men.

At the conclusion of our interview Roddy begged his mother: "May I show her my horror face just once?"

His mother reluctantly agreed, whereupon the small star assumed a ghastly grimace, rolling his eyes, and stretching his mouth into a hideous leer.

He noted my startled reaction with evident satisfaction, and inquired cheerfully: "Isn't that the worst horror face you ever saw?"

I agreed that it certainly was. "Some day I'll make the shiveriest horror film you can imagine," Roddy promised me as we said good-bye.



Granny

Continued from page 6

I THINK she's out up the doormat by mistake," he observed. "They're not what they were, boys."

The slight disappointment over the meal seemed to have damped all their spirits. They finished quickly and fished out money for their bills.

"Coming along to the White Horse for a quick one?" invited Fisher. "I need cheering up."

"Not to-night," replied Chandler. "I've got one or two things to fix up before parade in the morning, and tons of equipment to clean."

"What about you?" Fisher asked the other two.

"Might as well," they grumbled, collecting their kit. "Night, Thelma."

There was a depressing silence when they'd gone. They hadn't even remembered to say good-night to Granny as they usually did to their colleagues. He was too easily forgotten. As I guessed, it never would have occurred to them to ask him to drink with them. From his manner I gathered that he didn't expect it, either. His shyness made him so self-effacing, it almost reduced him to invisibility.

But at the same time he seemed likeable enough, apart from that. I felt more sorry for him than ever as I watched him fumble in his pockets for a cigarette. I held out my case. "Have one of these?"

"Thanks." He looked a trifle startled. "Thanks awfully."

"Seem to be more Jerrys over than usual," I observed.

"Yes," he replied. "I suppose they're paying us back for bombing Berlin again last night."

"And so it goes on. We retaliate and so do they. Turns it into a sort of 'Hit You Last' competition. Does it get us anywhere, d'you think?"

"Well, you can't let the rotters get away with it. Of course it makes both sides madder every time. I know it does me. When they bomb our beautiful old churches I get so

"So you're keen on old churches, too?"

Granny's face lit up suddenly. "Rather. Used to spend all my holidays prowling over them, before this dust-up."

"There's a rather fine one in this village," I said.

"I know," replied Granny. "It's a little gem. Have you seen that south wall? And the ambury and piscina are supposed to be the finest in the country. And that fourteenth-century reredos. . . . We were off on his favorite subject, he with an animation I wouldn't have suspected.

Gone was his shyness, his painful self-consciousness. He was suddenly a definite personality, interesting, alive.

And he certainly knew all about ancient English churches. We talked eagerly for an hour; until Thelma bounced in for the last time. "Sorry," she said, cheerfully. "I'm 'dosing' early to-night. Me boy-friend's got leave. There's no one 'else coming in to-night, and I got to get washed up. Anything else you'd like before I tip you out?"

"No thanks." We got up to leave the tea-room.

"I'll just get my coat," I said.

"I'd like a walk before turning in."

We walked through the little old village in the crisp, frosty moonlight until we came to the camp entrance in the parklands of the Manor House. The sentry on duty challenged us. In a moment all Granny's nervous hesitation returned.

"Good-night, sir," he murmured.

"I—I hope we'll—I'll—"

"We must have another yarn some time," I helped him. "Perhaps we could go through the church together. I'd like to have another look at that arch."

"I'd like to very much," he said. He hesitated, and then clearing his throat in his nervous manner, he made a big effort to add, "You—you don't know what it's meant to talk to someone outside the army again—especially about churches. Good-night, sir."

Granny and I often met after that. He clung to our acquaintance with a desperation that was pathetic.

Whatever made you join the army?" I asked when I knew him better. "You wouldn't have been called up for ages."

"I know. Stupid form of patriotic enthusiasm. I suppose you'd call it," he said awkwardly. "That and the fact that engineering's my job, and I thought I could be useful, and perhaps get a commission."

"Well, I expect you're pretty use-

ful. And I expect you'll get your commission."

"Oh, I don't know," he muttered. "Such a lot depends on how you get on with your C.O. and your fellows. And I've never been any good at that."

We were sitting at my table in the cottage. The tea-room was packed. The babble of conversation was so loud that for once you couldn't hear the Nazis going over.

Suddenly, cutting through the din of talk, came a thin, high whistling sound. Conversation dried up on the spot. The whistling came closer—right over our heads. It seemed hours instead of seconds that we waited rigidly for the bomb to hit the cottage. We nerved ourselves for the concussion, for the shattering roar of the moment of impact.

But the bomb went on. We heard a dull crunch somewhere outside that made the cottage walls shudder. It seemed to me that everyone's face had shrunk and sharpened.

"Whew!" whistled a sapper at last. "Too near for comfort, that one."

"It was a good four hundred yards away," drawled a corporal who'd been in the evacuation from Dunkirk. "Buried itself in a field, too, if I'm not mistaken."

"How d'you know?"

"Tell by the sound. It was only a small one, too."

"Quite big enough for this village."

But it was the nearest bomb the village had had, so it occupied the primary place in conversation for quite two days.

Granny was unusually quiet next time we met. He looked weary and despondent and there were lines round his eyes. We began our dinner in silence while I tried to think of something to draw him out. While we ate, two hearty young sappers blew in, and banging on the table ordered coffee. They spotted Granny.

"HELLO, Granny," they said cheerfully. "How're the nightmares?"

Granny flushed darkly, but gallantly managed a fleeting smile. "Oh, fine," he said. "They'll make good ghost yarns. How're yours?"

They both laughed and, ignoring his mild effort at retort, became engrossed in a highly technical discussion about tank-traps. Granny avoided my eye and we eventually got through a rather dismal meal.

"What about a spot at the White Horse?" I suggested. "Cheer us up."

"No thanks," he replied hurriedly. "I'd better get back to-night. I've got some accounts to work on before lights out."

I didn't press him. "I'll walk through the village with you," I said.

The village looked like an exquisite etching in black and white in the moonlight, black oak beams cutting through white plaster of the old Tudor cottages that lined the High Street.

Behind them, set among ancient, weather-worn tombstones, rose the delicate spire of the little church that had been built more than eight centuries ago.

"I dreamt they bombed the church," said Granny abruptly as we passed it.

I glanced back at it involuntarily.

"I hope they don't," I said.

"In my dream," went on Granny, "I got into an awful state about it—sort of heartbroken. Actually blubbered. Ridiculous, of course. But did the chaps give me a bad time about it?"

Poor Granny! Anyone else would have told them where to go. Be he had allowed them to shame him, like a sensitive idiot. He felt he'd made a fool of himself.

"That's nothing," I tried to buck him up. "I've been known to make horrible scenes in my sleep. Gives you a bit of a shock." I went on. "When you wake up to be told you've been hollering your head off in the night. Of course it makes you feel a silly ass. But you shouldn't let it upset you for days."

He looked at me. "If it was only that," he said slowly. "But I know why I had such a nightmare. It was after that bomb the other night. It shook me badly!" We walked a few yards in silence, and then he went on: "If a miserable thing like that upsets a man, how's he going to face up to real engagement when it comes?"

I hadn't been through the Great War for nothing. This was something I could tackle with confidence.

"Now look here," I began, "you're letting yourself get morbid. You weren't the only man who was shaken that night. Everyone in that room knew what fear meant—for a moment, anyway."

"But nobody else made fools of themselves."

"Neither did you. It's just your bad luck you happened to yell out in a nightmare about it later. But you know those fellows. They can't resist a chance to make you bite. You always rise to the bait like a well-trained trout."

Granny smiled and looked a bit more cheerful. "I don't mind being scared," he added, "so long as I can keep it to myself."

"You will," I assured him.

As we approached the camp entrance we heard again that horrible whistling scream on a descending note. Down it came, nearer, louder.

"Down on the ground," yelled Granny, flinging himself into the ditch by the roadside. A second bomb came whistling, screaming over us. The sound of its approach was blotted out by the explosion of the first, less than a hundred yards from us.

Hugging the earth, I felt a violent jolt like an earthquake, heard the demoniacal screech of rending masonry and woodwork, the roar of high explosive, and then pieces of flying debris came raining down on us. Something must have hit me, for suddenly I knew no more.

When I opened my eyes my head ached as if it would split in two. I could see Granny through a blood-red haze. He was bending over me, bathing a rising lump on my head with icy water from the stream. There was a nightmarish noise of excited, jabbering people, and a confusion of hurrying footsteps.

"All right?" asked Granny.

"Yes," I answered, tenderly feeling a great bruise on the back of my head.

"How long have I been . . . About thirty seconds," he helped me to my feet. His voice sounded urgent. "The second one hasn't gone off yet. It's somewhere in the village—much nearer than the first. We'd better get out."

I steadied myself on oddly trembling legs and groped in the darkness of the shadowy trees for support. Even as I did so the village policeman and two wardens who'd happened to be on duty were calling people out of their houses.

"Everybody out of here!" they shouted, knocking imperatively on front doors that faced on to the street. "Time bomb! It'll go off any minute now! Quick! Out of here! Hurry. Hurry."

"You'll be safe up at the top end of the High Street. Go on. Move along." The policeman was beckoning people imperatively. "Beyond that rope." Already two members of the Home Guard had drawn a rope across the end of the street about five hundred yards farther up.

And now in the moonlight the street was filled with hurrying, excited villagers, some half-dressed with sleep, buttoning dressing-gowns and topscoats over their night attire as they went. The hasty evacuation was carried out entirely by moonlight. Nobody dared show a glimmer of light, even from the weakest torch, for German planes kept passing overhead every five minutes in their monotonous procession north.

"Where is the bomb?" I asked.

"They're just trying to locate it," the warden answered. "Somewhere near the church, I believe."

A member of the local Auxiliary Fire Service ran up just then. "Found it!" he announced.

"Where?"

"Through the church roof."

"Oh!" There was an expression of general dismay.

"Can't anything be done?" asked Granny in great distress.

"We've sent for the Bomb Disposal Squad," the policeman replied. "Can't do anything more till they get here."

"What part of the church?" pursued Granny.

"Right through the chancel, as near as we can make out. Won't be much of the old church left when it goes off, I guess."

There was a fresh commotion just behind us.

"John! Where's John?" It was a woman's voice, shrill with terror. She was struggling with one of the Home Guard. "Let me go!" she panted. "He's still in the church. I must find him."

Please turn to page 20

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THE LONELY GUM-TREES of the inland have a beauty of their own which matches the vast loneliness of the great outback.



COLORFUL ANT-HILLS, like yellow forts in the desert, dot the landscape of outback under a Madonna-blue sky of far horizons.

OUT ful

By EDGAR

WHAT a pity that inland her magnificent emptiness is the mind of the average and deserts and trackless desolation.

Only a handful crossed this great country west, or from the south. Newlyweds spend their or New Zealand. The vacation in Ceylon or

This is folly if you home like many parties are not grey, or dull.

The Northern Territory is a fascinating place. I completed an overland Southern Ocean to the side trips of hundreds and to the east.

And I am saying that enchantments in the California, the tropics the green meadows of the East.

True, the thousand Southern Ocean and



UP QUEENSLAND WAY WITH CATTLE. This picture is typical of the vast cattle country of the inland. Edgar Laytha, visiting American, declares the great inland is a technicolor camera. The life of the rolling, ever-changing plains is vivid and varied, and the air like wine.

BACK-a Land of COLOR

ALAYTHA, American journalist visiting Australia

Australia has made the world! These magnificent lands loom in the Australian as waterless, small, grey plains of

Australians have come from east to west to the north. They have used to laze on the Continent, but now a fairyland at the outback. They are monotonous.

It is an exciting trip from the sea, with many miles to the west

After having enjoyed the flowering valleys of the splendor of Hawaii, and the exotic

between the Springs, for in-

stance, include the most wretched stretches to be found round the globe.

But take the mountain-enclosed oasis of Alice Springs!

There are very few spots on God's earth more suitable for a movie in technicolor than this magical valley. We in America would have long since made of such a balmy oasis a swanky holiday resort with great hotels, sanatoriums, and youth hostels.

This mountain enclosure is a dream retreat for everybody who wants to escape the maelstrom of a metropolis. The scenery is perfectly painted by nature.

The cloudless sky is perpetually Madonna-blue. The earth is terracotta-red. The mountains are tobacco-brown.

The stems of the great lonely gums are whiter than snow, and velvet-green are their leaves.

Leaving the magical valley of the Alice for the north you find very little water, but you enjoy the spacious life in those ever-changing, gently-rolling plains.

The sky is again Madonna-blue right through to the coast. The dry spinifex grass which islands the soil is platinum-blond, and the wildflowers rising from the bare earth reflect all the shades of the spectrum.

Even more color comes from the living creatures of the outback. The brown and black and white spotted cattle are restful to the eye after you have watched the brightly-feathered parrots wheeling over the plains and flowering forests.

Above all, you love the boundlessness of this soothing landscape. You may travel for weeks without approaching a township. You feel as an explorer.

No set patterns, no boundaries block your way. The road of romance never ends.



HARRY DALE, THE DROVER (Abo version). A familiar figure in the cattle country is the aboriginal stockman. He is a clever horseman, works on the big stations.



CHILDREN OF THE DAWN. Australian aborigines on a hunting expedition. Boys from the stations "go walkabout" with their uncivilised brothers now and then to kill the nostalgia for the old nomad life with the tribe.—Color pictures from Australian National Travel Association.

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THE Australian Women's Weekly
£2000
Fiction
Contest
SERIALS AND SHORT STORIES
Entries close: Short Stories, March 31, 1942; Serials: September 30, 1942.

IT'S Mr. Parrie, the organist! someone murmured near me. "Poor old chap. Of course, he always does his practice after choir practice."

"I'll find him," Granny touched Mrs. Parrie on the arm. Before anyone could stop him he was through the cordon and over the low, moss-covered stone wall of the churchyard.

"Come back!" shouted the policeman. "You'll be killed!"

But Granny had disappeared into the shadow of the church doorway.

A round shaft of brilliant moonlight shone through a gathering great hole in the roof. By its light he could see the wreckage of the altar and the choir stalls. There was a deathly stillness now in the church, broken only by the occasional fall of another bit of wreckage. Several oak panels had been torn away from the front of the organ and half the pipes had been hurled across the nave. The chancel steps were deep in rubble and broken masonry. And dust was still drifting down like a thin white veil.

Of the old organist there was no sign.

"Mr. Parrie! Mr. Parrie!" called Granny. "Are you here?"

He stood listening a moment, his heart thumping against his ribs. "He must have got out," he told himself, terribly conscious of the menace at the bottom of that black yawning hole in the chancel floor. He forced himself to go closer.

"Must be a five-hundred pounder," he muttered. He jerked his imagination away from the possibilities of the bomb going off, and flashed his torch around, careful to guard the light in the blackout.

"Mr. Parrie!" he shouted again.

A faint sound drifted to his ears then, a sound between a croak and a groan. Sweat broke out on his forehead and he peered in the direction of the noise. It came again, this time giving him some slight indication of the position of the old organist. Flashing his torch among the debris, he pushed his way past the overturned pulpit and squeezed through the shattered fourteenth-century reredos that had been torn from its position and flung down like so much matchwood.

Shattered stained glass lay everywhere, glinting in the moonlight like jewels. Some of it, he knew,

Granny Continued from page 17

had been priceless. He held his breath now as he wriggled past the crater in which the time bomb lay buried. Even the dislodging of a piece of earth might be enough to touch it off. His roving torch beam caught something white that moved slightly. He stumbled towards it.

"Mr. Parrie!" he said. Pinned beneath a shattered choir stall on which had fallen junk of masonry lay the old organist. His eyes were wide open, staring as Granny bent over him. He tried to speak. His lips moved, but he couldn't manage more than a croak.

"It's all right," said Granny quietly, stilling his own panic. "We'll soon have you out. Can you stick it a little bit longer? I'm going to see if I can move some of this furniture." And he smiled reassuringly at old Parrie.

The old man tried to nod his head, but he was too firmly wedged. He forced a pitifully gallant smile. Placing his torch so that its guarded beam shone on the old man, Granny found a straight stout slab of oak which he began to work under the wreckage. It didn't take him long to realise that the puny strength of one man could never move that dead weight. In despair he attacked it again.

"Hi, Sapper! Are you there?" Someone was moving in the shadows at the end of the church.

"Who's that?"

"A.P.S.," came the reply. "Anything I can do?"

"I think between us we can just about get the old boy out—unless the bomb goes off first," Granny said with a rush of thankfulness.

"I'll risk it," said the Auxiliary Fire Service volunteer briskly. With imminent death at their elbow, the two men began their grim task to burrow away the rubble from underneath the old man. Granny's slab of oak supported the weight of the debris above the organist's body while the A.P.S. man scrambled underneath.

Sweat poured from them as they worked, in spite of the frosty night. They worked like men possessed. As the cavity beneath the man's body grew deeper and he sank into it, some of the wreckage above began to settle more heavily on him. He gave a groan of anguish.

"Hold on a minute!" panted Granny sharply. "I'll have to get

another support. He's being crushed." He found himself wedging a priceless carved oak pew rail under the slowly-collapsing pile with as little regret as if it had been a steel girder.

"Steady!" warned the A.P.S. man. "I think he's fainting."

"Good," said Granny. "He won't feel it so much. There! That's holding. Now go ahead."

Digging now with his bare hands, the A.P.S. man tore away the earth and tiles still further, while Granny kept all his weight on the second beam to prevent it from slipping.

"Hold her steady! I think we can get him out now."

"Go ahead," panted Granny, setting his teeth.

With infinite care to avoid dislodging anything that might make the whole pile collapse, the A.P.S. man slowly hauled the unconscious organist out and away. The night-mare rescue was nearly over.

"Be careful getting him past the crater," warned Granny. "Here, I'll take his shoulders."

Breathing with extreme care they made their way past all the destruction piled in the chancel and the nave. Through the doorway, out into the bright moonlight, they staggered with their burden, breathless with anxiety lest the bomb should explode before they could get him to the safety of the cordon.

THEY cut across the weathered tombstones of the churchyard to save time, stumbling over the uneven mounds and hollows of ancient graves. At the low stone wall, several people rushed forward and took the old man into their care.

"Thank God!" sobbed John Parrie's wife. "Oh, thank God!"

Granny sat down suddenly on the low stone wall and watched them bear the old man away to the doctor's. His legs felt as if they wouldn't support him any longer. He'd never known fear like that before. And then he turned his head towards the church and started up. For a moment he'd forgotten. That bomb was still "alive." There must be something he could do to save the rest of this valuable old church.

That exquisite old archway was still intact. It would break his heart to see that go. He hurried back across the graveyard.

Fortunately for him, the Bomb Disposal Squad arrived just as Granny started to climb down into the crater to examine the bomb.

"Come out of that!" shouted the lieutenant in charge angrily. "You fool! Who gave you permission to go down there?"

"No one, sir," replied Granny, obeying reluctantly. "Thought I might be able to save the church, sir. I do know something about time bombs."

"No business to think. Don't you know you're liable to arrest for interfering with an unexploded bomb? Get out at once."

"Yes, sir," Granny scrambled to his feet and saluted smartly.

Then, as the business in hand was more urgent than the need to reprimand a capper of the R.E.'s who was exceeding his duty, the lieutenant turned to his squad.

"Right, Gallagher," he said. "Go ahead."

The H.D.S. went to it, headed by Gallagher, who was a wizard with bombs. The boys said Gallagher could even hear a bomb think before it went off. At any rate he could tell within minutes when it would explode.

Granny withdrew to the shadows and watched, for once completely unimpressed by a superior officer. His mind was tortured by one thought—the safety of his beloved little church. He waited, his heart in his eyes, until Gallagher came out of the crater to make his report.

SHE'S ticking over nicely, sir," Gallagher's cheerful voice echoed through the ruined nave. "We've got two hours—that's all."

"Think you can do it?"

"No, sir. We can haul her out, I guess, but there wouldn't be time to withdraw the fuses. She's a new type to me, sir."

"Pity. Well, get her out, then. Someone'll have to drive the truck into a field and leave it. Only thing to do, I'm afraid."

"Yes, sir."

The sappers got to work in the moonlight that came through the torn roof, erected a derrick, and, working steadily against time, hauled out the bomb. With infinite care they swung it into position on the truck which had been brought round to the back of the ruined chancel. Just as they were about to mount the truck, Gallagher said quickly. "I'm afraid she won't last, sir. We'll have to quit."

"How long?"

"I give her three or four minutes, sir. Sorry, sir."

"Very well. Leave it. Get clear, boys."

Three or four minutes. Granny heard the words like the sentence of doom pronounced on the church. Without waiting for anything, he leapt past the officer, jumped into the driver's seat and started the engine. He didn't even hear the officer's order to him to quit, or the warning shouts of the others. Revving up the engine he drove carefully along the broad church path and through the open double gates.

Then, with the horn screaming and the engine at full throttle, he tore through the village street, scattering people wildly to right and left out of his way. He rocketed down the hill and out into the open country. He drove like a madman, one eye on the clock on the dashboard, the other scanning the road for an opening into a field at a safe distance from any cottages.

Two minutes! One and a half!

He turned the truck's nose into a wide stretch of common land, set the steering wheel straight ahead, jammed on the hand throttle hard and leapt clear. The truck raced on.

Granny scrambled to his feet and raced madly in the opposite direction. Suddenly there was a frightful roar. The earth rocked as the bomb went off. He was flung violently to the ground. Fragments of trees and truck, clods of earth and stones rained down all round him.

By the time the village and the B.D.S. arrived on the scene, Granny had recovered consciousness. He was still deaf from the terrific noise. He was suffering from slight concussion, though he was not aware of it. He staggered drunkenly to meet them, a broad grin of triumph and delight on his usually melancholy features.

He tried to draw himself up to salute the lieutenant. "I suppose I'll get twenty-eight days C.B. for this!" he croaked, and promptly collapsed.

I've never seen a man change so much—almost overnight—as Granny did. It was not an outward change. To casual observers he was still quiet and retiring, but the experience seemed to have given him a quiet confidence. He was sure of himself now. And his companions unconsciously responded to that inner respect for himself he'd acquired.

After that he never crept into a corner by himself when he came to the cottage tea-room, but sat down with the others, or they joined him—without either of them being unaware of any difference.

They all still called him "Granny," of course. But the sting had gone. Granny was a good scout.

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A Charming Photograph of BABY HOLT

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● A sensibly smart little frock for the lass who is doing war work but is not in uniform. The tailored top is garnished with two patch pockets and the skirt is gored to achieve fullness. (Left.)

● Go into the office in this trim shirtwaist frock done in fine checked tweed, and if you've got an important date afterwards button on a matching peplum and turn it into a fetching suit. (Right.)



● For the first chilly days of autumn you'll look charming in this new version of the jorkin frock interpreted in a hectic plaid wool and sobored with a simple white sheer blouse.

● A pleated checked wool skirt is worn with a matching sleeveless jacket, trimly tailored, and full-sleeved white silk shirt. (Below.)



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● **PATRIOTIC** outfit worn by Jane Frazee, Universal player. The blue wool costume has dashing accents of scarlet cord, red stars, and tiny flags on the hat.



● **GUARANTEED** to cheer any autumn suit, this brilliantly-striped silk jumper blouse worn by Lana Turner, MGM player. Note how the socks pick up the predominant color in her blouse, a cheery and economical touch.

★ ★ ★ **and STRIPES**

Pretty and practical READY-TO-MAKES AT LITTLE COST

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Needlework Notions



The fully-gathered brassiere top is a feature of this lovely new-style nightdress; note also the shaped waistline and gathered fullness in front of skirt. You'll like it!

202



204

Petticoat and bib for baby

THE petticoat, shown above, comes in fine warm winceyette in cream, lemon, blue, pink, green, and mauve; also in white crepe-de-chine with the pattern traced on to material ready to cut and sew. Armholes and hemline are scalloped for buttonhole finish.

The small floral motif across the front provides a touch of delicate color. Stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and french knots are used for this motif. Made in two sizes. Prices are as follows:

In crepe-de-chine, babes up to six months, price 4/3; 12 to 18 months, price 4/11.

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Paper pattern of the design is also available for 1/1, plus 1/6 for matching transfer.

This unusual little bib may also be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on the best quality crepe-de-chine, or on a smoothly finished sheer linen. The dainty edge is scalloped and worked in buttonhole and a small floral motif decorates centre—this to be worked in stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and french knots. The inside of the neck is bound. The matching ribbon finishes the item, and is threaded through to tie around the waistline.

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203

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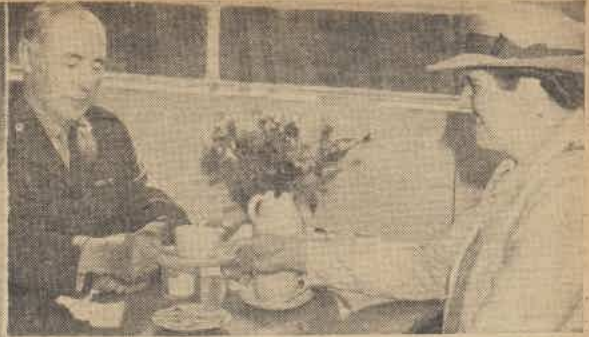
HEALTH FOODS



ARRANGING PICTURES. Ronny Thompson helps artist Cedric Flower, whose exhibition of pen sketches is being held this week at Roebuck library.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Dr. Miles Sterling-Levis and his bride cut their wedding cake decorated with horseshoe forged on Gretina Green anvil.



MORNING TEA at Red Cross House. Miss Noreen Dangar, of Gostynjek, Armidale, recently appointed Deputy-Divisional Commandant of Women's Personnel, with Mr. Arthur Goodall, of Red Cross Camp Section.

Intimate JOTTINGS

"IT'S small world," says Marjorie Bowes when she tells me amusing story about husband, Flying-Officer Leigh Bowes.

He is introduced to Flight-Lieutenant Doug Vanderfield in Singapore. In conversation they find they have many mutual friends in Sydney, are sure they have met there already but cannot remember where.

Suddenly Doug says:
"Now I know. It was at Marjorie Franklin's home at Christmas cocktail party. Charming girl, Marjorie. Did you see her lately?"
"Oh, yes," is Leigh's casual answer. "She's my wife now."

Marjorie is excited this week to have two cables from Leigh, telling her he escapes from Singapore and is now safe.

He and Doug and another well-known young Sydney man, Mick Grace, bring honor to their fighter squadron by attacking twenty-four Japanese planes.

Marjorie lives with her parents at Darling Point since Leigh's departure seven months ago.

SEE Mrs. James McElsh wearing uniform of Red Cross . . . for which she is a tireless worker.

Continues to have most interesting letters from daughter Honor, who is V.A. at Australian hospital at Ceylon . . . work is hard, but Honor is happy and enjoying herself.

Also learn that other daughter, Margaret, is enthusiastic war worker.

Weekly diary is well filled up. Tolls at Air Force House twice a week, visits camp hospitals and continues her work at the Kindergarten Union's tearooms in Spring Street.

CONFESS I admire gallant spirit of Malayan visitors in Sydney. At party arranged by Malayan Women's Association at David Jones I do not hear one word of complaint, but many expressing brave hopes for future.

Talk to Mrs. L. A. Simpson, whose home was in Kuala Lumpur.

Her husband is medical officer . . . She says good-bye to him in Singapore, and hears nothing more.



AUTUMN FASHIONS. Miss Joy Macarthur and Mrs. John Hawkes wearing the suits they will parade at fashion show on March 23, at Wentworth Hotel, for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution.



COMPARING HANDS at Naval War Auxiliary card party. Mrs. H. R. Coulson (left) and Mrs. R. Woodward.



LIEUT. AND MRS. J. SPIRA leaving Great Synagogue. Bride was formerly Edith Kuttner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Kuttner, of Rose Bay.

Heard Around TOWN

LOVELY square-cut sapphire for Shellagh Boehm, who announces engagement to

Jack Mauby Beale, son of Captain W. W. Beale, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Beale, of Northwood . . . no plans yet for wedding, as Jack is in merchant navy.

Shellagh is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Boehm, of Vaucluse.

Father is in America since November with Australian section of British Purchasing Commission.

Outbreak of Pacific War prevents Mrs. Boehm and Shellagh from joining him there.

Boehms live for number of years in Singapore, and Allan, only son, is still there . . . member of Volunteer Defence Corps.

CIVIL life again for Geoff Moss, who returns to station home, Alloway, Glandra . . . severe pneumonia invalids him from army.

His wife and children, Lawrence, John, and baby Nancy, spend holiday in Sydney . . . go back to country this week.

ENGAGEMENT ring made from piece of German plane shot down by R.A.F. is sent to Marjorie Hill, of Wagga, by fiancé, Lieut. Frank Wray, from Middle East.

Ring is delicately cut in diamond shape from shining glass-like composition.

Marjorie is only daughter of the W. H. Hills, and Frank only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wray, of Fairfield.

CABLE sent post-haste to Lieut. Philip Thompson, in Syria, with news that he has a son . . . Mrs. Thompson, former Pat Nall, is in Sarba Hospital, Neutral Bay.

Pat chooses names Philip Francis for new baby.

CABLE this week for Paula Mofflin from Canada . . . from her husband to say he just received his commission. Is pilot-officer now. Paula stays with mother, Mrs. I. H. Cantor, at Darling Point.

MARY BRAMBLE returns to Newcastle after brief visit to Sydney as guest of Sue Marriott.

Sue is waiting for call-up to munitions factory. Starts any moment . . . bullet testing is to be her job.

TRIP south for Margot Ryrie . . . she flies to Canberra to stay with parents-in-law, Colonel and Mrs. Ryrie.

Is guest lately of her aunt, Mrs. F. Stallman, at Darling Point home.

IN spite of few minor disadvantages . . . such as shortage of green vegetables . . . Mrs. George Scammell and children Patsy, Billy, and Richard are enjoying country life.

They evacuate home at Clifton Gardens and take house at Carcoar.

SURPRISE wedding . . . Judith Balke Rogers and Lieut. Ken Pawley marry very quietly when Ken has unexpected leave.

Young couple spend honeymoon at Mt. Irvine. No plans yet made as to where Judith lives.



SIGNING REGISTER. Mr. and Mrs. Neville Coulter, who marry at Congregational Church, Pitt Street.

Betty

THEN came Valentine's Day, a bright, lacy day of snow. Before she was awake the telephone rang and it was Christopher himself, clad in a shy sort of voice.

"I wanted to send you a Valentine," he said, stumbling a little.

"What for?" Susan asked bluntly.

"For love, I suppose," he said, after a moment. "Please be a little nice, Susan."

"About the Valentine?" Susan inquired.

"Oh, yes," he said, brightening.

"Well, I'm spending a pound on it. A pound in your house is only two stupid orchids, or two pounds of caviar and stuff like that. But in my house a pound is big—big enough to buy a whole day. So we're spending it in my world, Susan."

"Are we?" said Susan a little bewildered.

"I'm taking the day off, and that's fifteen bob's worth straight away. So most of your Valentine, darling, will have to be time—"

"Time," said Susan, scornfully, "that's beggar's wealth, Christopher."

"This is a beggar who's giving it to you, Susan."

"You never beg, Christopher. You'd be nicer if you did with 'pleases' here and there."

"I'm begging now," he said, "I'm one big please."

"You begin by giving me something and end by begging—"

"That's quite right," he told her seriously. "The great enigma about love is that it's impossible to tell which is giving and which is receiving."

"Oh, it's love we're talking about now," Susan said lightly.

"Of course it's love," Christopher growled. "It's never been anything else."

So Susan had her Valentine, which wasn't something to hold in her hands, but time itself, hours strung together on a ribbon of reprieve.

They borrowed a toboggan from outside a village school and coasted up and down hill on it, while its owner struggled with lessons indoors. Christopher made a snow man, and tied his own scarf round its neck.

"I come from a long line of snow men myself," he told Susan, "scarecrows and snow men, my ancestors. Sometimes I feel their trails stirring in my blood."

"I've detected the scarecrow," Susan said, laughing. "But I've yet to meet the snow man."

"That's because you melted his poor old heart before ever you even noticed him," Christopher said. "I didn't know I had a heart until lately, Susan. Honestly."

"Don't make love to me," Susan said impatiently. "Do something with me you've never done with any woman."

"All right, I'll tell you the truth. I've been in love with you ever since Annette took me across the room to you that night and said, 'Susan, this is Christopher—he may be a tramp or something.' I've been utterly wretched—all the things I thought I was going to manage without have been nagging at me—all the things we lost in our family seemed important again—"

"What things, Christopher?"

"The house I was born in. Father's business. All our plans—all the secure acuity that I've been—pretending—I hated and laughed at."

"Were you pretending, Christopher?" she asked in a low voice, and when she looked up and saw his steel eyes, she knew how much Christopher had suffered.

Suddenly, her heart seemed to shine in her breast like a lighted candle, and slow, hot drops from the candle seemed to be creeping through her veins, melting them, and all her brittle amartness, like the snow man's heart.

"Christopher, you're real—underneath," she said.

"I'm lost underneath," he said huskily. "I'm all mixed up and lost, and the only thing I know for sure about this world is that I love you, and I'll never love anybody else."

"Oh, Christopher!"

"Don't laugh, darling," he said. But she was a lifetime's length from laughing about that. "I love you, and it doesn't make a bit of sense. You couldn't ever love me."

"Don't stand there telling me what I can and cannot do," she said almost angrily.

"It would have to be a new world for us," Christopher said, in a fierce voice. "We'd have to make it our-

Kisses Don't Lie

Continued from page 4

selves. The compass has gone cock-eyed, Susan, and the survivors have got to build their own universe."

"They always have to," Susan said. "I make five pounds a week. My father used to be one of the richest men in the city, now he works a lift." His voice broke suddenly, and Susan put out her warm little hand and took his big, cold knuckle.

"Susan, darling! I've learned to laugh at all of it, but this one thing I can't bear being funny about. Loving you."

Suddenly Susan was sober.

"Loving you, too," she said quietly. "I've been furious with myself for weeks, Christopher."

"Because you love me . . . a little?"

"Because I love you . . . a lot."

They stood still and looked at each other with their incredulous eyes.

"You're not just leading me on, Susan?"

"You're not just leading me on, Christopher?"

He stooped and crossed her heart with a kiss. Quick tears filled her eyes as she touched his bent head, and that was as solemn a pledge as she had ever made in her life.

Then down on the road a hilarious horn was honking, and a slim, scarlet girl was standing on the seat of a long, low racing car, waving her white muff and calling.

"Hey, you two," Annette cried. "I've been looking everywhere for you. I want to come out and play with you."

They had no choice but to run to meet her, leaving their snow man, and that secret Valentine world they had made for each other, and all their intercepted promises lying where they fell.

"How did you know where to look for us?" Susan asked gently. "We would never have known where to look for ourselves."

Annette, meeting her eyes with deliberate innocence, waited a moment, and then said: "Oh, Christopher brought me up here last Sunday. Didn't you, Christopher?"

"Oh, I see."

"About the nicest day in my life," Annette said happily. "Christopher tells you lovely things on a hilltop, Susan. Or do you know that?"

"Does he?" said Susan.

But she was too happy to be bothered. She met Christopher's startled eyes with little signals of reassurance. After all, she understood Annette; but what was more important, she understood Chris-

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The answer is—

- 1—Murrumbidgee.
- 2—Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.
- 3—Garter-stitch.
- 4—A shellfish.
- 5—Lafayette.
- 6—Bomber.
- 7—Scott. (In "The Lay of the Last Minstrel.")
- 8—Dahlia. (Called after the botanist, Dahl.)
- 9—Henry VI.
- 10—Shilling.
- 11—Hydrometer.
- 12—Sumatra.

Questions on page 11

topher. But the day had ceased to be a Valentine, for Valentines certainly have nothing to do with three people.

"Besides, it's late now," Christopher said aloud, as though he and Susan had been thinking the same thing, in rhyme. "We might as well go home. I'd ask you both out to tea, but I'm broke."

"We'll have tea at home."

She loved Christopher so much that even her fondness for Annette was a little warmer. She wanted to kiss them both, her best friend and her best beloved.

Then they were home. The high-ceilinged old library formed a chord of contentment, the fire fragrant and personal, the pleasant tea table, the candles standing tall and brave to salute their death, all had the peace and romance of late afternoon about them. Edna, the maid, whom Christopher disrespectfully called the Penguin, brought in the tea tray, and shuffled out on her weary, large feet. She was wearing black and white like a penguin, bulging at the hips, and she rocked a little as she walked, because her poor old feet hurt her.

On the table was her mother's old

Ir hurt her, and she hated it with a double portion of anger because he looked so true and was so false. They had been so sure her back was turned! He had kissed behind turned backs all his life, probably, and nobody had questioned.

Well, nobody was going to question now. Her pride began swarming down like muffling snow and buried the whole scene, so that in a few minutes it was unrecognisable even to her.

Minute by minute they both retreated from that one hour of honesty on the hilltop, until they were again a man and a woman armed with hostile gaiety. Sure of themselves now, and in no danger of being touched again. Then it was six o'clock, and Christopher could not in decency stay another moment.

"Did you ever have your tonsils out, or anything like that?" he asked. "I mean, did you ever fight your way out of either? That's how I feel."

"So it wasn't a successful Valentine?" Susan said blithely. "Well, it takes two to make a Valentine, Christopher, and the next time you'd better find somebody more romantic. But I thought I made all the right answers. I was quite carried away by myself—the tremble on the lip, the tear in the eye—"

"Hush," he said. "I'm sick to death of all that cheap dialogue you women excel in. I'm sick of all of you!"

"Same to you, and many of them."

She thought for one terrified moment that he was going to strike her, or burst into some terrible kind of tears.

"I knew it wasn't real," he said huskily. "It was a private mirage, and I tried to pretend it was true. It was something you couldn't even see."

Without another word then, he got up and strode out, leaving one of his battered pitiful gloves lying on the floor.

That had been all there was to it, but the more she thought about it in the next few days, the deeper she found it had gone.

"This is the time to get over caring," she said to herself, desperately frightened.

So she had gone away to forget Christopher, and to-day she had come home—and it was all as she had left it, except that the snow of her pride had melted now.

"He may not even be here still," she said to herself, and pretended that would be comforting. She saw herself wheedling information from Annette. "What was the name of that funny streak you were going about with last winter, Annette?" As though that would deceive Annette!

Well, there was nothing to do but pick up the old life and put it on again, like last year's dress.

It amused her to see that when people came in for tea that first afternoon at home she could hardly wait to see the kettle, her old ally, sitting in the same spot on the table, and wearing that same reflection, bending above a scarlet, tiptoe one.

She heard herself prattling on about her holiday, about all the false gaiety of the last three months. But her real mind was magnetised by that identical reflection, so that that departed moment was the real thing and this present one only the dream.

The Penguin came in, looking even more resentful than usual. She had a card for Susan, and she mumbled some puzzled protest.

"He says he's from a newspaper," the Penguin said. "He says he wants an interview."

Susan looked at the card, a somewhat grubby card bearing a name she had never seen before. "Mr. Malcolm J. Tripp, Representative Phoenix Cement Company," the card said, and across all this was scrawled: "May I have an interview on how a debutante feels after committing murder?"

"He seems to be insane," Susan laughed, "but as long as there are six of us, bring him in, Edna."

And sure enough he was already in.

Without turning her head, she saw him standing in the door, tall and just as shabby as ever, and all prepared to torture her with his laughing.

"Mr. Tripp!" she cried, coming to meet him.

"Exactly," he told her, "Mr. Malcolm Tripp, of the Fall-on-their-Faces Tripps."

"Why, Christopher!" somebody called from the sofa. "Getting in

Animal Antics



"How utterly old-fashioned!"

under false pretences as usual! Come and sit by me, darling."

"Christopher always hands out whatever card he happens to have in his pockets," someone else explained to an uninitiated one.

"How did you know I was home?" Susan asked.

"I've been keeping my eyes and ears open. I had some unfinished business with you."

"Did you really?" she asked. "I don't seem to remember it."

"I thought you wouldn't."

Hundreds of times during these three months she had tried to imagine this moment, and now it was here she was feeling none of the emotion she had planned.

All her little attitudes which she had been preparing hung like frocks on hangers, but none of them fitted. She felt, indeed, as if she had dived cleanly into very cold water.

Everybody stayed on and on; everybody was having a grand time. Except, possibly, Christopher.

"What makes you so talkative?" they asked him. He was slumped in a corner of the sofa, silent for once.

"I'm waiting for all you people to go home," he said. "I don't want to open up any new subjects for you to assassinate."

At last they all did go, and the late May sun drained out of the room, too, and there was no more avoidance of this being alone. All Susan's exhilaration had left her, and she was unspeakably weary and cold.

"I must go and dress soon," she said. "You might come up and sit on the stairs and shout to me while I'm having my bath."

"I'm not going to shout," said Christopher.

They sat there quietly for a long moment, and Susan rummaged wildly through the pockets of her mind, and could find no small change of conversation to throw this beggar.

Christopher himself, for once, wasn't pretending. Christopher was looking at her with the same eyes she had seen that Valentine's Day on the hill, afraid and yet daring eyes. But this time she knew that in spite of all their forged messages they weren't genuine.

"I thought perhaps you'd have to be introduced to me again," Christopher said.

"I have a rather long memory," she said; "long and complete."

"I used to say to myself that nothing else could ever happen to me, because nothing can happen if you don't give a hang," he said, and then lopsidedly, "but something else did happen."

"What did?"

"Another of my beliefs went west," he said glumly. "He, the man who didn't believe in anything, got taken in by a silly April Fool joke on Valentine's Day."

"Don't sit there saying bright things about it," Susan said. "I don't want to hear them."

"Naturally not," he said. "You got bored, didn't you, precious? You went away. That's one lovely thing about the rich. They never have to stay with an awkward situation. Well, I had to stay with it—I had to carry it round like a splinter in my heart, all day and all night. I had to think and think because I'm too poor to afford anything else but thinking. And that's why I've come up here, to get it over and find out—why you did it." He was standing up now and glaring down at her, trembling and pale with anger.

Please turn to page 28

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

PISCANS, who have birthdays between February 19 and March 21, can achieve much good fortune now if they are diligent, wise, and optimistic.

THOUGH the majority of Pisceans have much inherent wisdom, and are seldom lazy, they frequently fail to win success and happiness because of their fears, moods, changeability, and lack of confidence.

These characteristics must be overcome. For instance, wise Pisceans should develop the habit of believing they are among the most fortunate of people, and that they are therefore sure to have excellent chances of prosperity and happiness.

This would replace the usual Piscean fears, doubts, indecision, and their idea that they are unlucky.

That Pisceans can develop this attitude towards life may be proved by a check of the successful of the twelve astrological types. This shows that those who do well do exceptionally well and reach the highest pinnacles of prosperity, power and happiness.

In other words, the Piscean is his own best friend—or worst enemy.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Uneventful for most Aries now, but better days come soon, so plan ahead. Meanwhile, March 4 (sunrise to sunset) just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): March 4 favors most Taurians moderately, but be cautious on March 5, March 7 (around noon), and March 8. Avoid changes.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Don't overdo things this week. You can land into difficulties, disasters, and worries. Avoid lawsuits and discord, especially on March 7, March 9, and March 10. March 6 poor, too.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Opportunities and gains possible for many Cancerians on March 4 (between sunrise and sunset) on March 7 (moderate, with the noon hour peak); March 8 (around midnight only; balance adverse), and possibly March 9 and 6. Avoid losses and opposition then.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Uneventful for most Leonians, so keep to routine tasks. March 5 and 6 may bring modest gains or pleasure, but March 7, 9, and 10 can bring small difficulties and upsets.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Opposition, disappointments, separations, and losses or upsets can predominate this week. Be cautious, especially on March 7, 9, and 10. Be patient and keep to routine things then.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Consolidate past gains instead of being too venturesome along new channels now. Cautious planning and work may bring very fair conditions on March 4, 5, 6, but March 7 (noon), 8, 9, 10 poor.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Desirable opportunities and advancements possible this week, so plan wisely and work hard. March 4, 5, and 6 very fair; March 7 best, excepting for midday hours. Other days can be okay, be cautious.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): A poor week for unwise Sagittarians. Try to be cautious and patient, especially on March 7, 8, 9, and 10. Avoid delays, arguments, worries, obstacles, disfavor, and changes.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Quite fair for many Capricornians on March 4 and March 7 (excepting around noon). Other dates can be rather poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Consolidate past gains, but do not venture on new projects. Benefits may come through recent matters set in motion, or through past good work. This is especially so on March 3 (best) or 6. Be cautious on March 7, 8, 9, and 10. Fair on March 4.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A peculiar week. Opportunities seem lagged, yet much good can be achieved. It can result later from present endeavors. March 2, 9, and 10 can bring disappointments or worries. March 8 (noon) March 7 good (except midday hours), and March 5 and 6 very fair. Work hard. Good chances, advancement, gains, favor or other desired goals wisely.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without assuming responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. — Editor, A.W.W.



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d

Continuing . . . River of Doubt

from page 5

THE fight continued relentlessly. The advantage went now to one, now to the other, until at last, reeling himself, Mark realised that the Portuguese was almost spent.

He put all his falling strength into a final blow, and the big foreman rolled to the ground and lay still.

For a moment the crowd stood mute and bewildered, then they surged in around victor and vanquished.

Wallace ran forward and clipped his own wide hat over Mark's head.

"Take this man to the hospital!" he ordered Ligget and O'Reilly, "I'll see to Fernandez."

O'Reilly and Ligget ranged on each side of Mark and escorted him to the hospital. The captain kept mumbling to himself, as though he couldn't believe what he had seen.

"That worst fight I ever saw!" he conceded, "And I see some ver' bad ones."

Irene came in. Her face was pale. "Mark! You'll have to leave. Fernandez will never stop until he's killed you now!"

"Yes he will!" Mark disagreed with a rueful grin. "I like that big Portuguese. He gave me his best in a fight; I got a hunch he'll give me his best in his work. Maybe I'm wrong, but I got him figured as a right guy, Irene."

The girl gasped. "Oh! How could you!"

Wallace came into the dispensary. "The Portagee's all right now," he said briskly. "Let's get you plected together."

O'Reilly and Ligget sat staring in wonderment. Some of the miners sneaked up and peered in the window.

"They can't understand it," Wallace explained, and his own voice was puzzled.

Mark grinned painfully.

Mark didn't see Fernandez again until late afternoon. He was working in the office when Irene came in white-faced.

"Fernandez is outside, Mark!" she said nervously. "He wants to see you."

"Send him in," Mark said. When she started to protest, he waved her away impatiently. "Send him in," he repeated. "I know what I'm doing."

A spot of color appeared in both her cheeks. She left without a word and a moment later the foreman came in. One eye was slightly swollen and there was a patch of adhesive tape over his ear, otherwise he showed no evidence of the fight. He looked at Mark steadily a moment, then his dark face split in a wide grin.

"I come talk to you about three shifts," he said.

Mark laughed, and waved him into a chair. "Good. You're the boss of the mine, Fernandez, handle it to suit yourself. Let me know what I can do to help. All I want to do is break up this sabotage."

Fernandez shrugged. "It gets worse," he grumbled. "That's why I didn't want the mine worked unless I could stand over the job. If it isn't stopped, three shifts won't be enough. But you may as well know it, Crosby—unless that concession is renewed, we can't make our quota."

Mark shook his head slowly. "We've got to handle it right here," he insisted. "Dougal can't get the contract renewed. If it lapses, we're washed out. There's a foreign syndicate after it. Dougal himself is out of the fight."

Fernandez chuckled ruefully. "The other man got in and they stood my friend against the wall. Otherwise, I would have contacts in the government. I might even have been a minister." He snorted. "A mouth to speak and an ear to listen—that's what we need in Rio."

Mark remembered Stefan Bruenzli, the lawyer he had met on the Clipper. Bruenzli had insinuated that he stood in with the political powers in Rio.

He told Fernandez about the lawyer, about his own arrest in Para, and the expeditiousness by which Bruenzli had effected his release from gaol.

The foreman nodded. "You better write him quick," he suggested. "I'll send a couple of good Indians down river with the letter in a canoe." He paused and looked at Mark. "And don't mention my name in any way, unless you want soldiers up here looking for me."

"I'll get the letter ready at once," Mark promised.

Fernandez got up. "If you do write," he said slowly, "don't tell anybody around here. Nobody."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"You finger that out," Fernandez said, opening the door. "Bons dias, Senhor!" He was gone.

Mark reached for the button to summon Irene to take dictation. He paused, slowly withdrew his hand. He'd write to Bruenzli himself.

The letter left that afternoon by canoe in the care of two trusted natives. The first of the new shifts began that night.

Mark stood in his darkened office the following night and watched the scene. The open face of the working was lighted by giant flares and the miners swarming the shining mass of ore looked like Lilliputians working on a sleeping Gulliver.

Shovels chimed against the rock. The compressor chattered. Ore-cars rumbled over the trestle.

Fernandez never seemed to sleep. He was always on the hill, or stamping down to the river-front. O'Reilly lined the shows up as the storage bin at the foot of the trestle began to fill. Mark forgot about sleep, forgot about nearly everything except getting out manganese ore.

He saw Irene a dozen times a day, but only briefly. There were a lot of things he wanted to say to her, things that would have to wait.

He was amazed how much a man could learn about mining under stress. He spent every minute he could spare on the face, watching the men. Fernandez had scoured the country coaxing natives to work. Muckers had been promoted to miners. There wasn't an inch of space that wasn't being worked twenty-four hours a day.

They were getting out ore! Every night Fernandez laid a work sheet of the day's production on Mark's desk. Mark was delighted. It seemed too good to last.

It didn't.

Things ran smoothly for three days. Then on the third night, Mark was in his office about eleven o'clock, going over the time sheets with Fernandez, when the chatter of a sub-machine gun cut in above the yammer of the jack-hammers.

"Here it comes again!" snarled Fernandez.

MARK sprang for the big window. On the open face of the working, grimly lighted by the flares, he saw the carnage the machine-gun was wreaking.

The workmen were trapped on their scaffolds, or clinging to the black face of the hill. Mark saw a drifter struck in the back. The man dropped the big jack, and twisted around on his perch. Then he fell end over end to crash amid the black dust below.

Those who could, threw themselves flat on the ground. Others, taken so completely by surprise and unable to see their assassins, broke into a panic and fled into the bush. In a matter of seconds, the entire face was deserted.

"The dirty rats!" rasped Mark, and pawed his revolver out of the desk. "Come on!"

He raced through the outer office with the big Portuguese at his heels. As he jerked open the front door, Fernandez knocked him to one side. Simultaneously a stream of bullets whined through the open doorway.

"Take it easy, amigo," warned the big foreman from the other side of the opening. "You should not step into the darkness from a lighted room." He swung the muzzle of his own gun and calmly shot out all the lights in the office.

"Now," he suggested from the darkness. "We crawl out."

Mark could hear him wriggling out onto the porch. He grinned wryly, rubbed his chin, and crawled after the big man. Fernandez worked his way to the end of the verandah and dropped off. Mark followed, and a couple of minutes later they stood together at the side of the house.

"We wait," observed Fernandez, "until we find out where they have their roost."

"They must not get away!" Mark growled.

The Portuguese chuckled. "Patience, amigo. We will get them sooner or later, se Deus quiser! If God wills!"

Fernandez crouched motionless like a cat, staring into the utter darkness. Mark flexed his fingers and fidgeted with the hammer of his revolver. Just one good shot, he prayed.

The seconds dragged. There was no sound save the empty, futile pounding of the old compressor. It rattled away as if nothing had happened.

And then a workman ventured out onto the lighted face of the hill.

Abruptly the machine-gun began to cough. Little clouds of dust appeared along the hill. The workman turned, screamed, and tried to run. The little clouds of dust peppered along behind him, caught up with him . . . and he pitched on his face and lay still.

In his horror, Mark had kept his eyes on the doomed workman. Fernandez, however, had watched the orange-colored spittings of the gun.

"Come," he hissed to Mark. "They have set up that gun on top the trestle. We get them now!" He nudged Mark to follow and struck out behind the buildings.

The shooting had stopped before they circled the clearing. A vast, foreboding silence hung over the mine. They stepped out from behind the dispensary, praying for a little light. But a moist haze lay over the sky, and the little Plaza was quite dark.

Suddenly a door opened in one of the buildings, splashing a rectangular wash of light across the clearing. Mark saw three shadowy figures running across the Plaza towards the light. Irene stood silhouetted in the open doorway.

Fernandez fired without speaking. The tidiest of the three men sagged, ran a few steps, then toppled on his face. A tiny cloud of dust rose from where he had fallen. Mark thumbed back the hammer of his gun, then held his fire.

The remaining gunmen were almost in a direct line between himself and the girl.

Mark started to run after them. He could hear the big Portuguese pounding along behind him. Irene appeared unable to see what was taking place. She acted as though she wasn't sure whether to step outside or draw back into the house and close the door.

The two gunmen, Mark saw, were trying to reach the girl's house. If they grabbed her, they could use her as a shield to make good their escape.

"Keep after them!" he told Fernandez. "I'm going around the back. Don't hit the girl, whatever happens."

Mark spurred off at an angle. As he raced towards the corner of the building, he saw the first gunman reach the door and sweep Irene aside. He cursed under his breath and tried to find his footing in the darkness. Finally he got around the back.

He found a door, but it was locked. Out in the front he could hear Fernandez shouting in Portuguese. There was no point in trying to force the door. The men would hear him. He sidled around the side of the building. A thin silver of light seeped from under a drawn shade. He moved towards it, and looked.

There were two men in the room. One of them was holding a sub-machine gun pointed at the door. The other had his arms wound around the girl. One dark paw was clamped over her mouth.



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Neither of the men looked like a Brazilian. The man struggling with Irene looked like a Sicilian. The other man had the dull, heavy features of a Slav.

Someone pounded heavily on the door, and then Mark heard Fernandez' voice demanding entry. The Slav-featured man backed up a step, turned the muzzle of his machine-gun on the door and raked the panel back and forth with slugs.

Irene kicked and fought in vain with her captor. Mark cocked his revolver and prayed that Fernandez had moved away from the front of the door. He could see the lethal pattern of the slugs zig-zagging across the wooden door. While the gun was chattering, the man holding Irene turned sideways.

Mark poked the snout of his gun through the glass and fired twice. The man let go the girl, stretched a moment, then slowly folded to the floor.

His companion was so intent on his task of riddling the door, he had not heard the other two shots. He was still firing when Mark put a slug squarely behind his ear.

Mark smashed out the rest of the window. "Stay away from that door until I knock!" he ordered the girl. Then he ran around the corner of the building.

His fears for the big Portuguese's safety were groundless. Fernandez was standing with his back pressed flat against the wall, waiting for the door to open. Mark called to him and ran over.

"It's finished," he told the foreman. He knocked on the door. "Open up!" he called to the girl. "It's all clear."

Workmen were already running across the clearing, armed with picks, rifles and machetes. Mark stepped into the house. Irene stood braced against a table, her face white. Nothing was said until Fernandez detailed a half dozen men to drag the bodies away. When they were alone at last, Irene said:

"I . . . well . . . I can only say thank you, Mark."

Now that it was over, Mark found himself confused in his emotions. He was trembling from the reaction of seeing Irene struggling in the hands of the gunman.

"After this," he grumbled jerkily, "stay inside, lock your doors, and turn the lights off when there is any shooting. You might very easily have been killed to-night!"

A flood of color rushed into her face. She started to say something, changed her mind, and murmured: "I'm terribly sorry to have been a nuisance, Mark."

He felt like a fool, but he was annoyed that she should take his warning in this way. So he turned stiffly and walked outside.

Please turn to page 30

"You ought to be writing plays, Mr. Whatchucallum." Kisses Don't Lie

Continued from page 26

writing plays, Mr. Whatchucallum." Susan said bitterly. "You've got drama fermenting in your brain, and some time there'll be a woman who believes you when you're rhapsodising, and then you will be in a mess."

They were both shouting now, and the Penguin, who had come to the door for the tea things, wavered on her weary feet and wondered whether she ought to call in the gardener and have this lunatic thrown out.

"All right," he said, "it was drama. So forget it."

"I have," Susan said. "I've forgotten it so much I boil when I think of it."

"Good," he said, "and I wish to heaven I'd never seen your devilish little—darling—face." He was stumbling now towards the door, and Susan sank back on the sofa.

"He's leaving now," she said dully to herself. "He'll never come back. Why is he so angry with me?"

He had stopped at the door to speak to the startled Penguin. Much as Christopher might about at his own people, he was gentle and charming to servants. She heard him asking her about her nephew who'd been run over last winter. Susan had even forgotten she had a nephew.

"He's fine now," the Penguin was saying, practically wagging with gratitude that he should remember.

Susan watched them in the reflection in the kettle, the absurd wry cartoon of the Penguin looking up at Christopher and Christopher standing just as he had stood that afternoon, bending towards her in solicitude. She turned her head, a

little ill—and just as she turned it an insane, nightmarish thing happened. The reflections merged just as they had that Valentine's Day, and Christopher and the Penguin appeared to be kissing—a long, silent kiss. She must be out of her mind. She sat up quickly, and the reflections sprang apart.

"Good heavens, I have gone mad," Susan thought, her eyes frozen on the reflection. She turned her head again, and the images clasped as before.

Suddenly, with a sickening plunge of realization, she saw what it was. A tiny dent in the copper distorted the reflection, so that when it was seen from this angle the figures appeared to meet. There was the dent, a mere pin prick, and the reflection had fallen exactly as before because she was sitting in the same position, and the kettle was exactly as before, with the handle turned towards her hand.

She never knew quite how it came about, but the next instant she was in Christopher's arms, crying and clinging to him.

"Oh, my darling, you didn't kiss the Penguin, did you?"

"Yes, I did," Christopher said. "I'm madly in love with her."

The Penguin herself, having no idea what they were talking about, scuttled down the hall, where sanity reigned.

"I've been carrying on an affair with her, because she reminds me of you," Christopher said.

But he had no clear idea what he was saying. He knew only that he was holding Susan in his arms, and

that in a moment he was going to kiss her.

"Some day, when I'm old enough, will you please explain to me what 'happened'?" he said, after a moment. "I've been in a fog for months."

"I have myself," Susan said. "Well, it isn't important now. This is all that's really important."

He picked her up in his arms and carried her back to the sofa, sitting down like the patient man he would never be. She put her nose in the sharp angle of his throat, and her eye met the eye of the treacherous kettle, and she thought perhaps it winked at her. She felt she had been ill for many weeks, but now she was bolsterously well again. What madness people devise for themselves—more real than fact!

"I must ask mother for that kettle, to keep for the children," she murmured irrelevantly, after a little while. "It might help them remember never to trust what they see with their eyes. Only what they see with their hearts."

"Our children?" Christopher asked. "You know, darling, I seem to have a little difficulty in following you. No speakie English?"

"No," she said, and kissed him another long time, "this is the language I speak best."

"That's right," he said approvingly, "kisses don't lie, darling."

"Don't they?" And she heard her heart laughing to itself in a very shameful way.

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THE

work continued. They were getting out ore.

Mark was coming down on the face late one night and saw a light in his office. Thinking it was Irene, he went over. But when he pushed inside, he found Ligget bent over his desk. Ligget whirled when the door slammed shut, and gave an embarrassed laugh.

"I was just looking over the production figures of the day's run," he explained.

"I didn't mean to startle you," Mark said dryly.

"This place is getting on my nerves," the younger man said. "It's a mad-house. But you're certainly getting out ore."

"That's what I came in to find out," Mark said, crossing to the desk. "This three-shift programme has been going four days now."

Ligget stood up and stubbed out his freshly-lighted cigarette.

"Yesterday's three gangs checked in one hundred and fifty tons. To-day they did one sixty-three. Souza, the timekeeper, told me they haven't a full gang in any of the three shifts. When the crews are filled with more men, you'll get out over two hundred—with any luck at all."

"I need more than luck," Mark said levelly. "I need to find out who's sabotaging us."

Ligget lit another smoke. "Ian Dougal had some wild idea about foreign agents," he said with a short laugh. "Why, if there's any sabotaging, as you call it . . ."

"What would you call it?" Mark cut in.

Ligget laughed shrilly. "I didn't mean it just that way," he apologized. "It just seems to me the whole thing is mainly a question of incompetent management and disgruntled workmen. These lazy natives ought to be worked with clubs and guns."

"For an office man," Mark observed with a laugh, "you've got some pretty forceful ideas."

Ligget leaned forward. "You proved my point," he argued, "when you tapped the conceit out of that big greaser at the head of this show. You bullied him into getting the work done." He rustled the work sheets on the desk. "And these figures bear me out."

Mark tilted back in his chair and folded his hands behind his neck. "Tell me, Ligget. Is your quarrel with Fernandez personal or business?"

The bookkeeper colored. "There's no quarrel," he said hastily. "It's just that I think we ought to have an American bossing the job. I don't like foreigners."

Mark watched him shrewdly, trying to guess what was in the other's mind. "I don't know where you'd

River of Doubt

Continued from page 28

find an American with the necessary understanding of the natives like Fernandez," he said.

"Ah, he's hanged to understanding them! Make them understand you, I say!"

Mark smiled thinly. "That has a familiar ring to it," he said. "But it's hardly the American way of doing things."

Ligget opened his mouth to reply, but stopped as Fernandez walked into the room. He looked sharply at Ligget, then nodded to the papers on Mark's desk.

"You see the fingers of the day's run?" he asked, dropping heavily into a chair.

Mark nodded. "Ligget showed them to me. Nice going, Fernandez."

The foreman grunted and glanced at Ligget. "You done here?" he asked bluntly.

Ligget turned red in the face. "Certainly," he stammered. He said good night, and hurried out.

Mark took his pipe and filled it, keeping his eyes on the foreman. The latter sat hunched in his chair staring moodily at the closed door.

"So Ligget showed you the fingers, eh?" he commented at last.

"He was going over them when I came in," Mark said. "They're encouraging."

"I hoped they would be, because I want to enough trouble to doctor 'em. Croaky, we mucked out less than seventy tons yesterday, and less than that to-day. We're back-slipping all the time!"

Mark took the pipe out of his mouth. "Why the fake report, Fernandez?"

"I left them out there so's anybody who wanted to could see 'em," the Portuguese explained slowly. "You said something the other night about policing the property. Well, mister, that's your line, not mine."

"But I thought maybe if the crooks behind this wrecking business were to get the idea that we're catching up on our quota, they might get reckless enough to show their hand. Savvy?"

Mark got up and walked to the window. By the light of flares he could see the working alive with men. The rumble of ore-cars was a steady drone.

He glanced over his shoulder. "What's wrong?" he demanded hard-voiced. "Look at those men work!"

Fernandez came over beside him. "It's slow motion," he said. "Those drills you hear aren't biting into the rock. No pressure. Yet the compressor is tickin' like a clock. Ore-cars jump the tracks. We put two trammers in the hospital again to-day. Cables break. We're not hitting

harder ore—we're hitting something I can't understand."

Again he lapsed for a while into moody silence, then broke it, saying:

"And here's more bad news; an Indian came to me just now with the story of an aeroplane that passed low over his village yesterday, like it was going to land. Now if the men in the plane were not enemies, they'd have landed here in the river. They didn't."

"I'm thinking it might be the same men who wrecked the cable at the falls."

Mark whistled softly. "Have we heard anything from our crew down there?"

"Not yet," the foreman told him. "O'Reilly's worried. He wants to send down a relief gang with more supplies."

"Good idea!" Mark agreed. "And first thing in the morning you and I are going over this lay-out with a fine-tooth comb!"

He left the office, to go to bed. Irene was sitting on the steps of the hospital, waiting for him.

"I want to talk with you, Mark," she said, "and you're always busy. Sit down, won't you?"

He dropped on to the step beside her. He was very tired.

She had trouble starting, but finally she said, "It's about Dave—I, well, there's something you should know, Mark."

He felt a cold hand close over his heart. "Yes?" he said.

"I told you once that I got Dave his job with Ian," she said. "It was because of that I had to come up to the mine this time."

"I suspected as much."

"I'm not in love with him, if that's what you mean," she said. "I had to find out—if he was doing the right thing."

"Whoa!" Mark said, looking at her. "Explain that."

SHE turned and put one hand on his arm. "Mark—don't jump at conclusions, please. What I'm going to tell you, I should have told Ian long ago. He would have understood."

"I'll try to," Mark said. "What about Ligget?"

"I told you I had a sister," she said softly. "Ann was engaged to Dave and they were going to be married about three years ago. Dave had a good position, and everything looked splendid. But Dave liked to gamble."

"He became involved in debt and—well, he paid off with other people's money."

"Embedded it, you mean?"

She shook her head off his arm. "Bluntly, yes. It was his only money, and the company didn't want to prosecute. Ann was broken up, and insisted on sticking to him. I had confidence in him, too, so I got him this job with the understanding that he wouldn't marry Ann until he had paid back every cent. He's been sending home his earnings for three years."

"But . . . ?"

Irene went on. "He wrote Ann recently that he was discouraged and lonely. He doesn't get along with the sort of men who work in mines, like Fernandez. Perhaps he's a little weak, perhaps he just hasn't found himself. But when I heard from Ian that someone on the inside was sabotaging him . . ."

"Gee, you thought maybe Ligget had back-slipped?"

She shook her head. "Not necessarily, Mark. But I felt responsible for Dave, and I owed it to Ian to make sure."

"What do you think about Dave now, Irene?"

She was silent for a long time. "He worships Ann," she said slowly. "I still have confidence that he would do nothing to jeopardise her trust, or mine."

"Then why are you telling me about it?"

She put her hand on his. "I had to, Mark. It's stood between us from the first. I suppose I was prejudiced, and you seemed to suspect Dave, as if you knew something about him."

"I was afraid that because you were a detective you would jump to the conclusion that he was guilty of this terrible mess, and perhaps make trouble for him about his former misstep. That's why I acted the way I did, Mark, and why I had to come up to the mine, despite Ian's order."

"I'm glad you told me," he said. She stood up. "I'm glad, too, Mark. Thanks for understanding. Good night!"

He watched her cross the square.

THE

following day, Mark and Fernandez made a disquieting discovery—that both the tools and the pipeline on which the drills depended had been tampered with, but so skilfully that only very careful examination disclosed their deficiencies.

"I'll kill the man who did this with my bare hands!" Fernandez vowed.

"That's all right with me," Mark said grimly. "But first let's find out who he's getting his orders from. Pick three or four men you know absolutely can be trusted and stake them out to watch. Put one near the pipeline, one at the compressor, and one at the tool-house."

Fernandez exhaled slowly. "I'll take care of it."

Mark warned him. "No guns! It isn't prisoners I want—it's information. If they see anybody tampering with the machinery, notify me at once."

Fernandez nodded.

The climax came sooner than Mark expected. He was on his way over to see Irene that very night when Fernandez intercepted him. "Get your gun," he snarled at Mark. "We've found your man!"

They went out behind the tool-house and found O'Reilly waiting, a rifle lying in the crook of his elbow.

"What's happened?" Mark demanded.

"We put a man watchin' the tool-house," Fernandez told Mark, in his hard, rumbling voice. "After the shop closed, he saw Souza sneak in through the window."

"Souza?"

"The timekeeper. Senior Ligget's helper," he added, pointedly. "There was a dozen or more drill bits hardened and sharpened, waiting for the night gang. Souza slipped them into the forge and drew the temper out of them. Then he put them back on the rack. That is why they mushroom. He is our man!"

Mark nodded approvingly. "He is one of our men," he said with a thin smile. "Where is he now?"

O'Reilly said: "You ordered us to do nothing until you had been told. Souza took to this trail. Our man is following him, marking the trail for us. Shall we go, Senhores?"

Mark shook his head. "We shouldn't all go. I've been thinking about that plane the Indians reported. There may be trouble right here. You stay, O'Reilly. Arm some men you can depend on, and see that nobody gets in or out of the camp. And that goes for everyone. Understand?"

Fernandez had already picked up the trail. Mark loosened his revolver in his holster and followed. At least he had something tangible to work on.

The path was an old one, and in places they had to break away the undergrowth. Once they lost it altogether and wasted precious minutes finding it again.

Two hours later, Fernandez crashed to the ground. He gasped a warning and lifted a match guardedly in the hollow of his hand. Mark jumped instinctively. A man lay stretched across the trail. His throat was cut from ear to ear.

Fernandez bent over the prostrate figure. "This is our watchman!" he hissed. "Stop over him!"

They went on until the trail ended abruptly in a sandy clearing beside a river. There was a large house built on stakes in the open space and beyond it, drawn up on the mud bank, they could distinguish the outline of a cabin plane.

"This is it!" Mark whispered.

The moon had not yet risen, but the stars illumined the clearing in a soft light. Mark drew his revolver and crawled towards the house. Inside they could hear voices. Someone was talking rapidly in high-pitched Portuguese.

Fernandez put his mouth close to Mark's ear. "That's Souza! He's telling somebody he did what they told him. The other man says we still get out too much ore."

Mark crawled towards the shadowy outline of the steps. He stood erect, took a deep breath, and kicked open the door.

"Don't move—anyone!" he barked. He moved into the room, watching the four men seated around the table. Dave Ligget sat next to Souza, the timekeeper. The third man he did not know. The fourth man was Stefan Bruennli.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Who's your neighbor?

True life stories from 2GB

"Who's Your Neighbor?"

This is the intriguing question being asked in a new radio feature heard from 2GB every Friday night at 7.45.

WHILE the question sounds simple enough, it is not as easy to answer as might be imagined. For instance, how many people know their neighbor, much less anything about him? Whether he is a night or day worker, or whether his daughters work in munition factories or in offices in town?

He may be a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick-maker. He may be a soldier or sailor. But whatever he is, and whoever he is, 2GB will set out to prove that he may be one of the most interesting people in the world.

There have been magazine and radio features which have claimed to tell true life stories of the people who live next door. While many of these have been based on truth, they have been presented in such a way as to create doubt as to their genuineness.

With "Who's Your Neighbor?" it's different. These are the real life stories of real people, and for the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB



Every day from 4.15 to 4.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, March 4. — Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, March 5.—Our £2000 Fiction Contest—a Talk by Leslie Haylen.

FRIDAY, March 6. — "Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, March 7. — Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, March 8.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, March 9.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, March 10.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

purpose of compiling the session a "scout" is at work, seeking out people in the streets, in buses and trams, and at social gatherings—people who, in spite of their seemingly uninteresting surroundings, have stories to tell.

When a person is found who has a worth-while story to tell, he or she is brought to the microphone and interviewed, being allowed to tell the story in his or her own way. The result is a programme rich in human interest.

The surprising thing is the number of really good stories that have been uncovered. Sometimes the people's jobs promise adventure; on other occasions they gave their occupation merely as housewife, shop assistant, librarian, defence-worker, or despatch clerk, and then unexpectedly there emerges from the interview a romance or drama, or a situation as comic as anything in the pages of fiction.

One man tells how he escaped a firing squad. Another tells of a lawsuit almost too fantastic to be true. A third reveals that even the dullest occupation is full of humorous situations.

So, by bringing two of somebody's neighbors to the microphone each Friday evening at 7.45, 2GB provides entertainment both fascinating and intriguing.

£5000
RED CROSS
DREAM HOME

TICKETS NOW ON SALE

At Red Cross Branches, Newsagents, and our Headquarters, Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

OR IF YOU WOULD LIKE TICKETS SENT TO YOU FILL IN THIS COUPON CLEARLY AND MAIL TO-DAY

To the Secretary,

RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 455C, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I understand that Dream Home tickets are available NOW.

Single tickets cost 1/- each.

Books of 6 tkts. cost 5/- each (1 free ticket).

Books of 12 tkts. cost 10/- each (2 free tickets).

Please forward me tickets in the Dream Home

..... books of 6 tickets

..... books of 12 tickets

for which I enclose shillings.

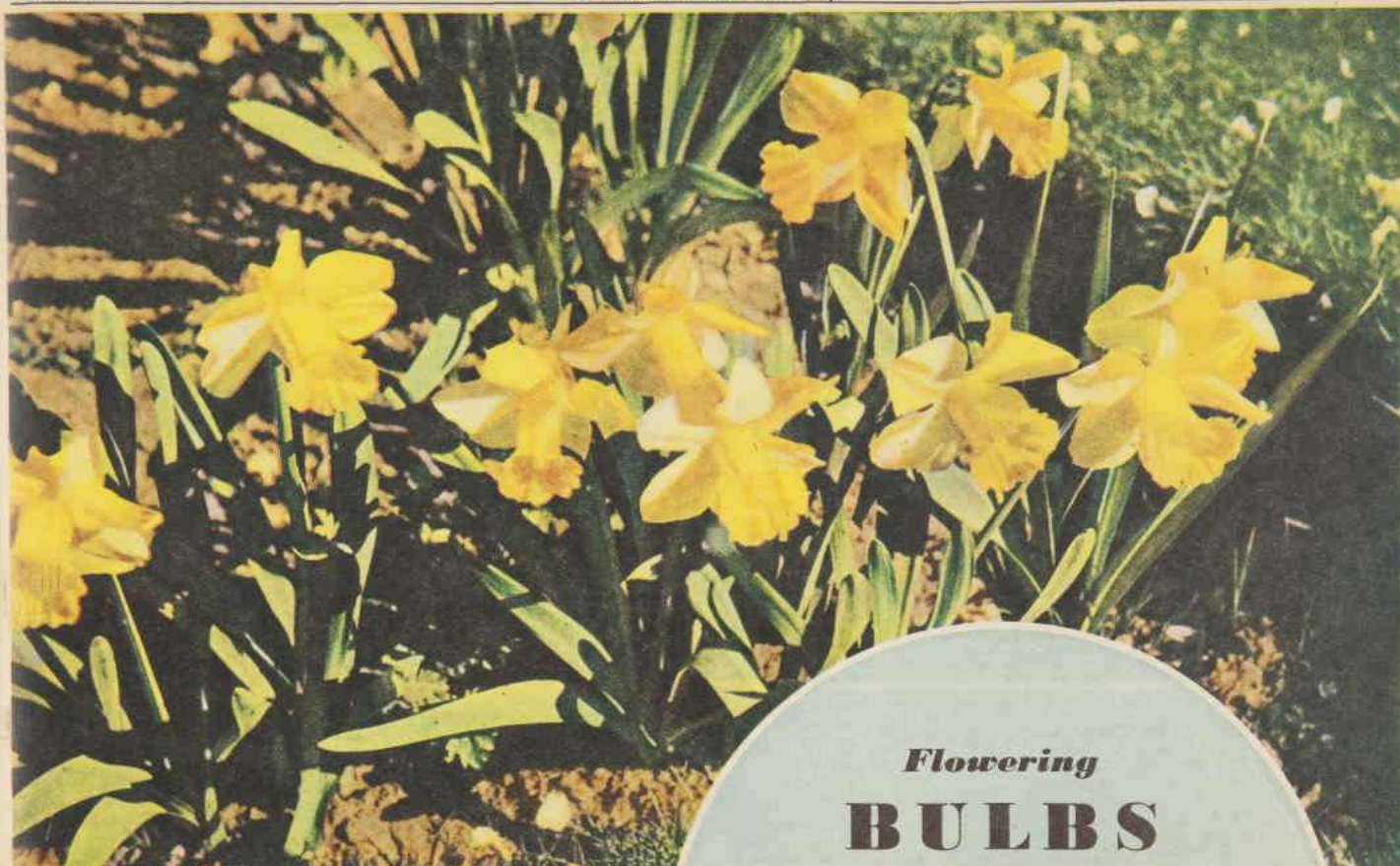
Name

Address

State

I enclose a 2d. stamp, to help the Red Cross.

See story on page 33.



GOLDEN TRUMPET DAFFODILS, shown above, head the spring pageant in a warm, sunny position. They are easy to grow. Plant now in beds, borders, or grassy slopes.

RANUNCULI or buttercups, pictured below with forget-me-nots, are as gaily-colored as any rainbow, and help to make the spring display bright and beautiful.



Flowering **BULBS**

● Now is the time to set out bulbs of daffodils, hyacinths, ranunculi, ixias, freesias, and all those colorful species that break down the barrier of winter and usher in the brighter, warmer days of spring. Well-drained soil, a sunny spot, and some protection from frosts and cold winds are the simple requirements...

—Says
OUR HOME GARDENER

Look how I've Reduced



FORD PILLS have reduced me from 11 st. 2 lbs. to 8 st. 13 lbs., and I haven't had indigestion or constipation since I started taking them each day. People say I look too young to be the mother of 3 children.

Ford Pills are marvellous for indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism and Overweight.

They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills today. Get Ford Pills in the new Red and Gold unbreakable tubes. 2/7 and 12/6 Everywhere. Note: 2/7 tubes hold more than three times 12/6 tubes. F.P.18.

FORD PILLS

SPARKLING EYES ... can be yours

Every girl wants alluring eyes and long, curling lashes that sweep the cheeks, but few do anything to make or even keep them shining brightly.

—Says our Beauty Expert.

TRUE, a great number can find the time to load lashes with mascara and make plenty of use of the eye-shadow pot. But when it comes to bathing the eyes night and morning with a reputable eye-lotion they just can't be bothered.

Your eyes cannot be lovely if they are not healthy. And, what's more, they can't sparkle if you yourself are not enjoying perfect health.

When you come to think of it, our eyes work for us every minute of the day, and all they get in return from the great majority is neglect.

Not quite fair to them, is it? Some add insult to injury by overtaxing them. You should not strain the eyes.

Never read or sew or do work of

any kind in a bad light; that is, in a weak or glaring light. When out of doors in glaring sunshine, more particularly on street or beach, wear dark glasses. They save the eyes much.

After walking or driving in dust-laden air, bathe your eyes the first thing on coming home.

Use an eye-lotion recommended by your chemist for this purpose, or you can use a weak boracic acid lotion which you can make at home quite easily.

The lotion is prepared this way: Allow one level teaspoon of boracic acid powder to one pint of boiling water. Mix thoroughly, allow to cool, and put into a jar and cover well.

When bathing the eyes, use a proper eye-cup for the purpose. One can be purchased for a few pence. Failing the correct utensil use an egg-cup. And here's an important tip: Do not use the same lotion for both eyes. Bathe one, empty the cup and fill up with fresh lotion.

Another point to remember is this: If you have got into the habit of frowning or squinting get out of it quickly. Ask some member of the family to check you every time you fall into this error, which is fatal to your good looks if indulged in for any great length of time.

Tired eyes may be rejuvenated by



placing cotton-wool pads over the eyes.

The pads should be saturated with witch-hazel or cold tea, salt water, boracic acid lotion, or any reputable tonic.

Don't have the pads dripping wet—just comfortably damp. When ready to put over your eyes lie down, close your eyes and place pads comfortably over both. Leave on for ten minutes.

The result is surprisingly good. They feel refreshed and look it.

Be careful always in the use of mascara. Don't on any account allow it to get into the eyes. And a final hint: If you feel that you should have glasses for the sake of your sight, have your eyes tested. And if the specialist says you must wear them, well—do so.

BEAUTIFUL EYES indeed has this young lady—Maureen O'Hara, RKO star. But remember, she cares constantly for them.

• If you Get the CORRECT ANSWER — You MUST Win a PRIZE



SIX SHOWN BY 6
NINE SHOWN BY 9

There is no guess work—there is no catch in the figures. Every entry is carefully checked. Twenty-six Competitors have already won £100 each in past Figure Skills—so get to work now.

1st PRIZE £100 -- 2nd PRIZE £25
10 PRIZES AT £1 EACH, 50 AT 10/- EACH

And a Special Prize for EVERY correct entry received.

EXTRA CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

*10 BEST ENTRY (Over 60 years).
*25 BEST BOY'S ENTRY AND 25 BEST GIRL'S ENTRY (Under 16).
WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- Write down all figures shown in the above drawing. Do not include the 6 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single, e.g., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones.
- Add up all the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing your additions (so we can check them), along with the coupon and a stamped envelope bearing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 10th April by the Directors of the Weston Company Pty. Ltd., in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending the correct or nearest correct total. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on until all the prizes are distributed.
- School teachers, commercial artists, draughtsmen and FIRST or SECOND VISA-WINNERS in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering. This Clause will be strictly observed, and winners of major prizes will be requested to show proof that entries are their own handwork, in their own name, in order to secure their prize.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- You may forward any number of entries on plain paper provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND ONE STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. (Do not forget this.) Send all entries in the same envelope.

CLOSING DATE

8 p.m.
Thursday, April 8.
Main prizewinners notified by wire on Friday, April 10.

RESULTS

Posted to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.

FREE!

EXTRA COPIES.
Write to the address on coupon for large, clear copies, and enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COUPON

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4150WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

* Age
For competitors over 40 or under 16 only

The total of all figures in the above drawing is

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my entry showing the above numbers added up together with a STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work, and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the Conditions (see Clause 4 above). I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

SIGNATURE

Be sure to write your full name and address on the top of your entry.

For young wives and mothers TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Valuable hints on travel and emergency foods

AT this time of the year many mothers with babies or young children are on the move, and the question of what foods are best for travelling and how they are best carried is often asked.

The travel problem that most worries the young mother is the question of the milk supply during the journey.

Fresh cow's milk is a dangerous food to transport, especially in hot weather, unless certain precautions are taken.

Unless milk is carried very cold (at a temperature below 60 deg. F.) or very hot (just off boiling point) it is unsafe, as milk which is just warm makes an excellent medium for the growth of bacteria.

Many mothers do not realise this and therefore expose their babies and toddlers to a grave risk by boiling milk and letting it cool down before packing for the journey.

Milk should be put in an ice-chest or refrigerator until it is cooled to the temperature advised, and then put into a thermos flask (previously scalded but now quite cold). Or it should be brought rapidly to the boil, then kept at boiling point for

5 minutes, and when just off the boil poured quickly into a clean and freshly-scalded thermos flask.

If a thermos flask is not available milk should be cooled down to below 60 deg. F., and then put into sterilised bottles and tightly corked (corks having been previously sterilised) and packed up to the necks in a box of sawdust.

A leaflet dealing fully with this subject, however, has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded immediately on request.

The nutritive value of goat's milk for use in inland districts where cow's milk is difficult to obtain is touched upon in this leaflet; as are also the other substitutes for fresh milk (in addition to dried milk), which can be utilised with safety in an emergency.

This valuable leaflet also contains a list of emergency foods and other information of specific interest to mothers of young children.

As stated, a copy will be forwarded, if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

MENINGITIS: Not such a menace to-day — By "MEDICO"

AN occasional outbreak of meningitis (cerebro-spinal fever) is one of the risks of community life. When the disease is about, any patient with symptoms of fever, headache, stiff neck, and vomiting should be seen by his doctor.

Early medical advice may save life.

Rigid isolation of all contacts is not essential, but child contacts should be kept at home. There is no

advantage in closing schools, business premises, and places of entertainment. Meningitis is one of those diseases which most of the community have at some time of their lives in a mild form—so mild, in many cases, that it passes unrecognized.

Only a few individuals (scattered evenly through the community) are more susceptible to it and, if infected, develop meningitis as we know it. Since the discovery of a drug known as sulphanilamide the danger even in these cases has been tremendously reduced.



Cream ODO-RO-NO Stops PERSPIRATION

- Will not irritate the skin
- Will not stain clothes
- Will not harm fabrics
- Non-gritty, non-greasy
- QUICK TO USE



1/1 and 2/1

Film Star Glamour Legs for Everyone!

On the dance floor... in the office... wherever you go nowadays, you see Glaidie glamour legs. Everybody's using Glaidie Liquid Hosiery—and no wonder! With Glaidie, you just pour yourself one pair of stockings after another! Stockings that look just like real silk—but ever so much smarter! You can get a bottle of Glaidie at any chemist, beauty salon or department store. Insist on Glaidie—and you'll get that cool glamour and silky appearance. Three of the smartest shades to choose from...

DREAM HOME . . . ready soon!



THIS PICTURE of the Dream Home was taken before the roof went on. A stonemason is at work on the terrace. French doors from lounge, dining-room, and breakfast-room open on to this terrace.



MRS. KEITH MARTIN, supervisor of furnishings and equipment, with Mr. T. M. Scott, honorary architect, and Mr. A. L. Rigby.



WINDOWS on the top floor frame glorious panoramic views. The scene from the Dream Home, built on a hilltop, is most colorful and ever-inviting.

THE Red Cross Dream Home, which has captured the imagination and interest of all Australia, is rapidly taking shape.

Skilled craftsmen are on the job turning the mass of bricks and mortar, timber and stones into a haven of beauty.

Meanwhile, far from the slaps of brick on brick, the ringing of hammers, and thud of stone, experts are gathering together all the lovely and colorful furnishings and efficient labor-saving equipment that will, as soon as the plasterers and painters have departed, endow the Dream Home with color, charm, and luxurious comfort.

Conferences are regularly held by those responsible for the building and equipment of this lovely \$5000 home given to the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Regular visits are made by the members of the plans committee to the fast-rising home.

These pictures were taken recently when Mrs. Keith Martin, who is choosing furnishings and equipment, inspected the Dream Home along with Mr. T. M. Scott, of Scott, Green, and Scott, the honorary architects, Mr. Rigby, of Messrs. Kell and Rigby, the builders, and Mr. Reg Edwards, the Home Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is planning the garden.



(Extreme right): Mr. Reg Edwards, Home Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly, is planning the Dream Home garden. In this picture he is shown discussing prospective plan with the hon. architect, Mr. T. M. Scott (centre), and Mr. Rigby.



THE PICTURE THAT MADE NANCY THINK

"HER STORY COULD BE MINE"



And it could be yours too! If she but learns the art of fascination ANY girl can make herself the heroine of some love-life romance—more thrilling, by far, than fiction. But one thing most men demand is a flower-like skin. And here, Erasmic Face Powder will help to give your complexion the delicate soft bloom of a freshly unfurled rose. Even its haunting fragrance suggests some lovely garden at close of day.

RACHEL PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING OR COLD) 1/8 PER TUBE OR JAR

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/8

E.D. 39



PICKLES of Quality

Choice vegetables perfectly matured in Rosella Pure Malt Vinegar — a delight to all who enjoy crisp appetizing pickles. Rosella Sweet Mustard, Chow Chow, White Onions, Walnuts, Clear Mixed, Sweet Gherkins, Stuffed Onions.

Rosella OVER 100 PURE FOODS

**Extra-special
for hearty
appetites . . .**

MUFFINS POPOVERS NUTBREAD

• Unless your family has been tenderly reared, there'll be a mad scramble, I fear, when these goodies come from the oven golden-hued, appetisingly fresh. Try them!

Says MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly

THEIR variety is endless. You can have them in savory form for breakfast, faintly sweetened for morning tea, with a salty tang to accompany the salad lunch, thinly-sliced for afternoon tea . . . Experiment to your heart's content.

These muffins, popovers and tea-breads have a double value. Not only do they satisfy the appetite by being hearty menu accessories, but they have a high energy value. And when bran is used with the flour or when wholemeal flour is used they offer a pleasant means of introducing the necessary roughage into the diet.

SAVORY BRAN POPOVERS (Piping hot for breakfast)

Half cup bran, pinch bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2oz. chopped ham or bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ dessertspoons butter.

Add the milk to the bran and soda. Sift the flour, seasonings and baking powder well and rub in the butter. Add the ham and parsley, the bran and milk, and then the beaten egg. Cook in small patties in a moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with plain or savory butters.

FEATHER POPOVERS

(Fresh popovers and hot coffee—Yum Yum!)

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, pinch of salt, flavoring.

Cream the butter and sugar, and add the well-beaten egg. Add the flavoring and then the well-sifted flour and salt alternately with the milk. Cook in small greased patty tins or hot greased gem irons in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or very fresh with butter.

Variations.—Orange Popovers: Add 1 teaspoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon honey to the above, omitting 1 tablespoon sugar.

Chocolate Popovers: Add 1oz. melted chocolate, or sift 1 tablespoon cocoa with the flour and add an extra tablespoon milk with the cocoa.

Fruit and Nut Popovers: Sprinkle fruit and nuts on top before cooking.

BRAN MUFFINS

(For lunch or morning tea)

One cup bran, 1 cup milk, pinch bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg, 3oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, flavoring.

Add the milk to the bran and pinch of soda. Cream the butter and sugar and add the well-beaten egg and flavoring. Stir in the bran and milk, then the well-sifted flour and milk. Cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) in greased patty tins for 15 minutes or in a greased sandwich tin (8 inches) for 30 minutes. Split, butter, and serve preferably hot, or very fresh.

Variations.—Pineapple Muffins: Add ½ cup crushed pineapple to above.

Prune Muffins: Add ½ cup chopped prunes.

Nut Muffins: Add ½ cup chopped nuts.

Spiced Muffins: Add 1 tablespoon golden syrup and 1½ teaspoons spice.



PLAITED TEA RING (Just right for Sunday tea)

Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1/3rd cup milk, sugar syrup for glazing, chopped nuts.

Sift the flours well; rub in the butter, add the sugar and lemon rind and mix to a soft dough with the beaten eggs and milk. Knead lightly, divide into 3 and roll into 3 strips. Plait and form into a ring. Place on oven tray and brush with sugar syrup and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in a fairly hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve fresh with butter and honey.

BANANA TEA LOAF

(Leave a day before cutting)

One-half to three-quarters cup plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1/3rd cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 or 3 bananas.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt, and mix about 3 tablespoons of flour with the dates and nuts. Cream the butter and sugar and whip in the mashed bananas. Add the beaten eggs and then the sifted flour. Lastly add the nuts and dates.

HERE YOU SEE THEM—plates of delicious tea-breads, popovers, and muffins. Follow the recipes given on this page and you will turn them out tempting to the eye, good to eat. You'll note that they are very easy to make, and are surprisingly economical.

Cook in a greased 1lb. cake tin (5 inches) in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour and 10 minutes.

WHOLEMEAL NUT LOAF

(Use for luncheon sandwiches)

One and half cups wholemeal flour, 1½ cups white flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 11 cups milk, flavoring.

Sift the flours, baking powder well, tipping back the roughage. Rub in the butter. Add the sugar and flavoring and then the beaten egg and milk. Cook in two well-greased nut-loaf tins in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

Delicious variations.—Orange Nut Loaf: Add 1 teaspoon of grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon chopped candied orange peel.

Date and Nut Loaf: Add 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup chopped dates and 1 teaspoon mixed spices.

Cherry Nut Loaf: Add 1 cup pitted cherries, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 cup chopped nuts.

SPICED CURRANT BREAD (Cut in dainty buttered fingers for afternoon tea)

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons lemon icing, 1 tablespoon coconut.

Sift the flour and spices, and salt well. Rub in the butter, and add the sugar and currants. Add the beaten egg and milk. Cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) in a small loaf tin for 45 minutes, or sandwich tin for 30 minutes. While hot, top with lemon icing, and sprinkle with coconut. Serve in thin slices, buttered.

CHEESE POPOVERS (Serve with salads)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon celery salt, pinch of cayenne, 1 cup finely-chopped celery, 2 tablespoons grated well-flavored cheese, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk.

Sift the flour, salt, and pepper.

Rub in the butter and add the cheese and chopped celery. Add the beaten egg and mix to a soft dough (drops easily from spoon, but does not pour) with the milk. Cook in hot, well-greased gem irons in a moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Serve with parsley butter pats.

APPLE GARLAND TEA-CAKE (Delicious for tea or supper; economical)

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1½ cups sweetened apple pulp, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons finely chopped peanuts.

Cream the butter and sugar well, add the beaten egg and then the sifted flour alternately with the milk. Turn onto a lightly-floured board and knead lightly. Roll to an oblong shape about 1/3rd-inch thick, spread with apple pulp and sprinkle with cinnamon.

Roll into a long roll and shape into a ring. Mark into sections on the top with a sharp knife or scissors, glaze with milk or milk and egg, and sprinkle with chopped peanuts. Cook in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes.



CHOCKFUL of goodness is the tempting looking savory border mould pictured above, which wins one of the prizes in this week's recipe contest.

Prizes to readers for these!

- Our cookery expert, who knows a good recipe when she sees it, selected these from the big batch received this week.

If you would like to earn some extra money — and at the same time help other women of the home by sharing your tried and trusty recipe — send it to us. It may win you the first prize!

Every week we give £1 for the best recipe received, and a consolation prize of 2/6 for every other published.

SHANGRI-LA SHORTCAKE

One and three-quarter cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup caster sugar, 6oz. shortening, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Put flour into a basin, sift in the salt, cinnamon, cocoa, cornflour, and sugar. Mix well to thoroughly blend. Use a fork. Work in shortening, very finely, beat egg into the milk; add gradually to the dry ingredients to make a firm dough. Turn on to a lightly-floured board, divide into two portions. Knead each till smooth.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—“Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orifex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.”

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Australian Women need no longer endure the disfigurement of unsightly hairs now that “Vanix” is available in this country.

“VANIX”

is manufactured by The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co. from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler. It is the only preparation of its kind—it dissolves and completely destroys the hair tissue. “VANIX” is obtainable at 5/11 a bottle (6/3½ posted) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 710 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 373 Ltd., Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Form into circles and place in well-greased 7in. sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven until firm, about 30 minutes.

When cakes are cooking prepare filling: 4lb. pitted dates (or other dried fruit), 1 orange or 2 mandarins, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon, 1½ cups icing sugar, few drops orange coloring.

Beat butter till soft, add grated rind. Beat in sugar, with lemon juice, until mixture is soft and creamy. Add coloring, add a few sliced orange circles, sliced dates. Spread between (when cool) and on top. Decorate with orange.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Riley, 79 Chester Rd., Annerley, Sth. Brisbane.

SAVORY BORDER MOULD

Three ounces rice, 6oz. liver (or ox kidney), 1 onion, 2 mushrooms, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 pint stock or water, pepper and salt, tomato sauce, cooked peas and carrots.

Cook rice until tender. Peel and chop mushrooms and onion, wash and chop liver, and put these ingredients into a saucepan with stock or water, parsley and seasoning. Simmer gently for 25 minutes. Mix cornflour to a paste with a little cold water, and stir into saucepan. Continue cooking for a further 2 or 3 minutes. Now add cooked rice. Grease a border mould and put a few cooked green peas or chopped carrots in the bottom and then fill up with liver and rice mixture. Cover

with greaseproof paper and steam for 1 hour. Serve on a hot dish surrounded with cooked vegetables. Pour heated tomato sauce into the centre of mould.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Smith, 30 Westbourne Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.

BOSTON ROAST

One cup of haricot beans, lima beans, or lentils, 1lb. grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Soak beans overnight, put into a saucepan, cover with water, add salt, and boil till tender (about 2 hours). Strain, mash well, add grated cheese, breadcrumbs, and beaten egg. Form into a roll, place in a baking dish, add 1 tablespoon dripping, and bake in a moderate oven to a nice brown, basting well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Wiseman, P.O. Morven, N.S.W.

ORIENTAL SANDWICH

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1lb. dates, 1 cup water, and 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Cut dates up finely, add carbonate of soda and soak in 1 cup water for 12 hours. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg gradually, then soaked dates, and lastly sifted flour. Bake in two 7in. sandwich tins at 350 deg. for 20 minutes. When cold join together with Oriental Filling and ice with pale pink warm icing.

Oriental Filling: 2 dessertspoons ground almonds, 2 dessertspoons apricot jam, 1oz. chopped walnuts, lemon juice.

Mix all ingredients together, and mix to a smooth paste with lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Burns, 12 Fourth Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says

CREAKING doors and no oil handy? Rub the offending hinge with an ordinary lead pencil. Lead's an excellent lubricant.

SOFT bristles in your hair-brush?

How do you expect to keep your hair shining? Dip the bristles in hot water to which a dessertspoon of liquid ammonia has been added. Dissolve a handful of salt in cold water and then dip the brush several times in this. Shake well and allow to dry in the open air. Your brush should be as good as new.

HAVE you a kitchen utensil that needs oiling, such as the mincer or egg-beater? Then use glycerine instead of the usual oil. No risk then of that objectionable oily taste.

NEW can ice the top of a cake without it dribbling down the sides. But here's the way: Wrap a strip of brown paper around the cake, then ice. Remove paper when icing sets.



YOU can make high-price tea go twice as far this way: Rinse teapot with boiling water, dry thoroughly, put in tea, just cover with boiling water. Let draw for three minutes before adding water. Test it out for yourself. It works!

HORROCKSES ONCE...



ALWAYS HORROCKSES

and Why. Because the endurance and snowy whiteness of these sheets and pillowcases is no myth.

They are still Sheets and Pillowcases after long years of wear and washing, and the modern housewife, as did her great, great grandmother, relies on obtaining the best by asking for

Horrockses Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

START THE DAY RIGHT WITH AN "ENERGY BREAKFAST"

FOR better breakfasts, serve Heinz Oven - Baked Beans. They're delicious on toast or with bacon, and oh! so nourishing and sustaining. They're rich with proteins and carbohydrates—rich in vitamins that create health and energy. Joy of living for a few pence.

Serve Them WITH BACON for Breakfast ON TOAST for Lunch AS A VEGETABLE for Dinner

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS



Waste not Want not

Has always been a good maxim and is most applicable to our present conditions.



Arnott's Biscuits can be eaten with a minimum of waste. They are ready without preparation and full of nourishment.

Our Milk Arrowroot, Shredded Wheatmeal, Milk Coffee, Sao, Digestive, Butter Oat Cakes and many other lines can all be recommended as good foods at any time of the day.

Care should be taken to keep the lids closed down when tins are not in use.



Arnott's
FAMOUS
**MILK
ARROWROOT
BISCUITS**



PLEASE RETURN ALL EMPTY TINS TO YOUR GROCER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE